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The Week

THE diplomatic conference at The Hague to consider the adoption of the Young Plan will run into air pockets. Great Britain has misgivings on several grounds. The continuation of coal deliveries from Germany as "payments in kind" will delay any possible recovery of the British coal industry. The resignation, on the part of Britain, of any reparation payments beyond what she has to turn over to the United States in settlement of her debt, is not too pleasing to a Labor government which wants to spend a lot of money on internal reconstruction. This is particularly true in view of the fact that France is to receive almost all the benefit from the non-postponable annuities, which are to be commercialized by a bond issue, while there is considerable doubt whether the postponable annuities will continue to be paid. London also fears the broad powers of the International Bank for other than reparation purposes, especially if it is to be located in some other city, and may thus compete with the Bank of England for her gold reserves—which have been scanty ever since the resumption of the gold standard. The other Allies, especially France, dislike to reopen any phase of the Young Plan, lest it lead to a general revision less satisfactory to them. France is reluctant to withdraw from the Rhineland, while Britain and Germany want her to agree to do so as a condition of the settlement. A long conference is in prospect. The Young Plan is likely in the end to be adopted, but with minor changes and major misgivings.

AT LAST the Smoot sliding-scale tariff for sugar is out. It makes the amount of duty levied depend on the price of sugar in the world market—the lower the price, the higher the duty, the higher the price, the lower the duty. Its obvious intent is to stabilize the price of sugar in the American market at a good margin above the cost of production, no matter what may happen to the price elsewhere. No doubt Mr. Smoot would not have worried much about slapping a high duty on top of a high world price—if he could have got away with it. What did worry him was the prospect that the ultimate effect of the new tariff would be to depress world prices so far that a duty, which would have seemed very tall indeed if added to a high world price, still would not furnish enough profit to American producers at a low world price level. He evidently feared that the tariff would eventually shut the Cuban crop out of our market and thus dump it elsewhere. If that happened, and American or Philippine production were increased to fill the gap, the American producers might be worse off than before, since there would be a greatly aggravated world surplus. Mr. Smoot does not care about the surplus outside of this country, its effect on Cuba, and the reverse effect of Cuban disaster on American exporters. He will be satisfied with a device which, as his proposal seems to do, protects the American beet sugar interests against such an eventuality. The question is, how many of the rest of us will be satisfied with it?

WHILE all this effort is being made to protect the beet sugar refiners, something ought to be said about the workers in the beet fields. We have it

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on the authority of Mr. Thomas F. Mahony, Chairman of the Mexican Welfare Committee of the Colorado Knights of Columbus, that the average earnings of these workers *per family* of father, mother, and children from seven years up, is but $600 a year. While they are technically employees of the beet-growers, they are recruited by the sugar companies and assigned to the farmers; they sign labor contracts prepared by the companies; and they are paid by company checks. The companies are therefore fully responsible for the situation. There are about 28,000 workers in the Colorado beet fields. Many of them are children, working an average of over nine hours a day, and in some processes ten to fourteen hours a day. Many of the children are out of school, in violation of the school laws. The shacks provided for these families frequently have only one sleeping room for four or five persons. This sort of labor condition is part of the price we pay for the artificial fostering of an industry which cannot compete, on terms of economic equality, with foreign sugar. There is no assurance that the Great Western Sugar Company would do anything to improve labor conditions if the duty were increased; its profits are already ample.

THE "Graf Zeppelin" has made another and a more successful aerial voyage from Germany to the United States, and by so doing has probably ended the hopes of regular commercial service of this character until the dirigible is radically improved. For the "Graf Zeppelin," while her speed was twice that of the "Bremen," followed such a circuitous route for safety's sake that her actual time was shorter by less than a day than that of the new North German Lloyd ship. A day's time is not worth the added expense, danger and inconvenience of travel by dirigible; and even that day will be cut down when the new liners are launched which are now under construction. Prophecy is dangerous in regard to aerial travel, but it seems likely that the surface of the sea will continue for a long time to be the preferred medium.

FANEUIL HALL in Boston bears an honored name in the annals of American history; but that was in the old days when people really got excited about liberty and freedom of speech and other things which are rather widely regarded as quaint anachronisms nowadays. When those interested in the Sacco-Vanzetti case sought the use of Faneuil Hall for a memorial meeting on the anniversary of the execution, August 23, they were told by John P. Englert, Superintendent of Public Buildings for the city of Boston, that their application was denied, as, "after due deliberation and consideration" he had decided that "it would be to the best interests of the city as a whole if this meeting were not held in this building." Mr. Englert, of course, acted on behalf of the entire city administration, as is proved by another incident. The committee also sought to obtain the use of the Franklin Union hall, and paid a deposit to hold his hall. Then they received a telephone call from the manager saying that he was "in an embarrassing position," that Mayor Malcolm Nichols is a member of the foundation which controls Franklin Hall, and that in view of the Mayor's action on Faneuil Hall, use of Franklin Hall must also be refused. As we go to press, those seeking to hold a memorial meeting are without a place. How many people care, in Boston?

NEW REPUBLIC readers may remember our description of the new policy adopted by the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, after it came under the control of Miss Josephine Roche—dealing with the miners' union, raising wages, and encouraging a policy of coöperation. The company has just reported to the Industrial Commissioner of Colorado that its sales for the first six months of 1929 are 16 percent greater than for the first half of last year, and that the production per man per day is over a ton greater than in the former period—an increase of 18 percent. The average daily wage paid all men employed in and around the mines was $7.95 during the first quarter of this year; the second quarter has not yet been computed. This is an extremely high wage for the coal industry at the present time. Mr. Vincent, the President of the company, writes, "While the wage contract increased the earnings of the men as we desired it should, it has not resulted in increased production costs because of the coöperation and increased efficiency which have characterized the new relationship." Meanwhile grievances of the men are at a minimum, most complaints being satisfactorily settled by the pit committees and mine superintendents, without any appeal. This experience, concludes Mr. Vincent, "demonstrates that the demoralized coal industry will respond to the same intelligent treatment to which other industries have responded and by which they have been stabilized."

ALL THE investigations of the "Vestris" case on both sides of the Atlantic have now been ended. Important new evidence was brought out at the British Board of Trade inquiry in London just completed, part of which had been deliberately suppressed by English seamen in the course of the two earlier investigations in New York. The main immediate reasons for the disaster were, we now know, that the ship was overloaded; that she was difficult to handle even under favorable conditions; and that Captain Carey waited six hours too long in sending out his first S. O. S. This delay was undoubtedly due to the instructions he had received, which were not dissimilar from those given to many another master. They were that "he must carefully consider the actual amount of peril there may be for the lives of those under his charge and then judge whether he will be justified or not in fighting his way unaided to the nearest port. His being

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Two Months of MacDonald

The Labor Government's First Phase

THE new Labor Government has been in office in Great Britain for less than two months, and a cautious commentator would be chary in registering even a tentative judgment. Public opinion is still under the dominion of its first impressions, and these were kindly and favorable. It was an immense relief to be rid of the repressions and timidities which centered round Mr. Baldwin's maxim, "Safety First." Mr. MacDonald captured the country's imagination by his spectacular reception of General Dawes and the prompt announcement of his visit in the fall to Washington. When he took to travelling by aeroplane, Mr. Garvin bestowed on him the kindly nickname of "the Flying Scotsman," and everyone was prepared for swift and decisive action. The first woman to sit in a British Cabinet, Margaret Bondfield, was equally prompt; she instantly announced her unqualified decision to ratify the Washington Labor Convention, over which her predecessors had wriggled and hesitated for eight years.

The modesty of Mr. MacDonald's first speech in Parliament made an equally happy impression, for he offered to treat the two oppositions as part of the "general council" of the nation, to abandon party warfare, and work in a coöperative spirit. Mr. Thomas, outlining his plans for coping with unemployment, could give only a first sketch, but it showed a fresh and inventive mind: it means, in spirit and tendency, a complete reversal of the Tory attitude of helpless negation; it included a considerable number of small things which could be done at once, and a dimmer perspective of much larger things to follow. No one could form from this first speech even the roughest guess as to the numbers of the workless for whom Mr. Thomas' plans will find employment. But the average man does not enjoy figures: he liked the spectacle of this shrewd realistic working man, who started life on the foot-board of a locomotive, using, as minister, his intimate knowledge to plan a complete modernization of our railway system.

These, on the whole, are the impressions which remain in the mind of the average intelligent citizen. It is when one turns to the more expert observers that one encounters a less optimistic view. The first heavy blow was, in fact, dealt by Mr. Thomas himself. The Labor party has an advanced program for education, and it is apt to be savagely critical of the records of other parties. It had promised, as a first and confessedly inadequate instalment of reform, to raise the age at which compulsory schooling ends, from the fourteenth to the fifteenth birthday. It was vital to do this at once, for the local education authorities work on a three-year program. This extension of age must involve a general reorganization of the schools, some fresh building, and the recruiting of additional teachers. Since plans are now being made for the period 1930-1933, it was obvious that notice of the change should be given at once. Apart from the main argument that this period in a child's life is the most valuable for its mental and physical growth, this reform interested our workers for another reason. Each year, at the age of fourteen, over 400,000 boys and girls, unripe human material, pour prematurely into industry, only too often to be turned adrift, after two or three years of exploitation, which is seldom educative, as they near the age when an adult's wage must be paid.

To hold these children back from the competitive labor market would obviously mean a redistribution of their jobs among their elders. By these means alone our permament figure of over a million unemployed would be reduced, if not by 400,000, at least by 250,000 or 300,000. But some compensation must be offered to families, many of them with an unemployed father, and others living at or below a bare level of subsistence, who could ill afford to lose the wages of these children. The party's program had, accordingly, promised maintenance grants. It was a grave disappointment to find that no mention of education was made in the King's speech, and there was general dismay when Mr. Thomas announced that a committee had been set up to consider, not how the thing should be done, but whether it should be done. It was difficult to find an excuse for this timidity, for the Liberals were also committed to an extension of the school age. One gathered that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Snowden, was reluctant to find the money, but what chancellor ever is eager to spend? He would do it three years hence if he were still in office. It was a painful experience to measure in this way the zeal of a Labor Government for the removal of one of the handicaps which create social inequality, and predestine the children of the workers to an inevitable inferiority. The protests which overwhelmed the Government have in the end obliged it to give a promise that its pledge will be honored, not however too promptly, for the new rule will not come into effect until April, 1931.

The next disillusionment came over the resumption of diplomatic and commercial relations with

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since 1893. Indeed, about three-fifths of the time lost through strikes both since the War and for twenty years before it, occurred in the turbulent coal industry.

Employers, moreover, for the most part not only accept collective bargaining, but would not know how to get along without it. They prefer dealing with responsible unions to dealing with individual employees. Even after the defeated general strike, when a golden opportunity existed to inaugurate a union-smashing campaign, no such move was made, while the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions bill, a Conservative party measure aimed at limiting the power of the unions, met with the support of surprisingly few employers. "Company unions," so prevalent in the United States as a substitute for autonomous labor organizations, are almost unknown. Not all employers are satisfied, of course, with existing arrangements for adjustment of disputes, and many complain of the difficulties caused by the demarcations between crafts. But there is a healthy movement, much further advanced than in this country, toward amalgamation of the unions by industries; most employers testify that there is little opposition on labor's part to the introduction of new machinery; while the reports of arbitrary limitation of production or "ca' canny" have been greatly exaggerated.

We heard much during the War of new developments in British labor such as the shop steward movement, shop committees, and finally the Whitley Councils—joint bodies of unions and employers to deal with the problems of whole industries. The authors find that the shop steward movement has petered out. The importance of shop committees has declined with the spread of national agreements and the simplification of the wage structure since the War, although shop committees have done well in isolated instances. But the Whitley Councils, in spite of the fact that they have not lived up to their early promises, have a substantial measure of achievement to their credit.

The main question, however, is whether this traditional machinery, which grew up as a *modus vivendi* between capital and labor during a period of expansion, can now be relied upon to grapple with the tasks of change and reconstruction which lie before British industry. Just as the plants and methods of the employers now suffer from the fact that they were the first to achieve maturity in the industrial era, and have in many cases become hardened in out-of-date habits, so the machinery of joint control may be a restraining force on the necessary new developments. There is a general admission that British industry has lagged in such innovations as scientific management, mass production, electrification, combination.

The authors found in Great Britain—as, indeed, anyone would find in the United States—a spotted record in this respect. Some of the best companies have installed modern practices which would bear comparison with any in the world. In some industries, such as transport and iron and steel, progressive leadership has been marked in both management and labor, while in others, such as cotton, the metal trades and notably coal, individualism, traditionalism and belligerency have held the upper hand. What causes such differences in leadership is a mystery, but the testimony is general that "machinery is not important; the men working it are primary."

The authors see a large hope of leadership in the recent Mond-Turner Conference, in which the officials of the unions joined with representative employers to consider the larger aspects of the industrial problem. This was an attempt to inaugurate, on a national scale, an idea like that first embodied in the Baltimore and Ohio plan in the United States—an agreement between unions and management to coöperate in achieving greater efficiency, for their mutual benefit. One of the most important statements of this conference was that which advocated a rational organization of industry to carry on standardization, elimination of waste, simplification of styles and sizes, and amalgamation of individual units. In spite of radical opposition within the labor movement, the Trades Union Congress has endorsed the Conference, though the official employers' bodies have not done so. "Labor is willing, and the future, therefore, lies with those in control of British industry today. If British employers can throw off their habit of conservatism, quicken their vision, and develop a willingness to experiment, the world may witness a peaceful, orderly revolution of far reaching consequences." Beçause of the superior organization of British labor, such a coöperative movement could have far wider effectiveness in Great Britain than in the United States.

The way to success lies, of couse, far beyond the mere issuance of statements and the adoption of resolutions. It lies in the infusion of a new spirit which will carry down into all the practices of industry an abandonment of drift and muddling-through and senseless habit, in favor of intelligence and plan. The need is there, and the opportunity is there. Britain's future for many years to come depends on how fully the opportunity is seized.

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panied by increased commercial intercouse, might tend to moderate the intransigence of the Soviet regime. Already Communist propaganda in Europe and America seems to be much less aggressive than it was five years ago. The chief concrete material advantage of recognition is that American loans to Russia would become possible. A loan would be advantageous to American investors, while it would contribute to the success of the Russian five-year plans. A loan would bring to the United States increased concessions, contracts, and trade.

It is foolish to state that in recognizing Russia the United States would place its moral *imprimatur* upon the Soviet regime. The United States recognizes Mussolini and other equally ruthless dictators without assuming any responsibility for their acts. The peace of the world and the self-interest of the United States would be advanced by the early recognition of Russia. President Hoover has shown extraordinary ingenuity and courage in handling the problem of naval disarmament. We earnestly hope that he will use some of his courage in solving the Russo-American problem.

British Industry's Chance

MR. H. N. BRAILSFORD'S article in this issue of The New Republic on the beginning made by the British Labor party may lead its readers to ask, more critically perhaps than they would have done ten years ago, what hopes we may entertain for the success of British labor in its effort to build a finer and more just civilization. There is little question that Mr. MacDonald and his Cabinet will do much in the improvement of foreign relations, and that they are admirably fitted, not only to carry on the routine functions of government, but to inaugurate minor changes and experiments. Certainly they offer more hope than a Conservative government. But success on such a modest scale is a far cry from the ambitions for a better social order expressed during the War and before, when the party was being built in the heat of battle and received its impress of ideals.

The situation with which it is faced is symbolized by the current dispute in the cotton industry. Although this stoppage is deplored by almost everyone, and although national opinion inclines heavily to the side of the operatives, the government was unable to prevent it, and the Minister of Labor could only, in response to an appeal for help, reply that there was nothing she could do. This was not because the Labor party is still a minority in Parliament, and cannot proceed to such drastic steps as to coerce recalcitrant employers by mere police power, or to nationalize an industry by legislation. It is because the cotton industry is suffering from a long-standing, world-wide depression, which no political government could cure, and which no influence of government could even improve very much within a brief period, even if it knew precisely what was to be done—as it does not. The cotton industry—far more important in British economy than it is in American—does not stand alone. The depression of British coal mining has by this time become almost axiomatic. Other important exporting trades have contributed their quotas to the continuous and perplexed problem of unemployment. Even before the War, British agriculture had long been in severe straits. It would be one thing to nationalize and distribute more equitably the income of a highly prosperous nation, but it is quite another to bring back to prosperity, by nationalization or any other device, the industries of a nation suffering from so many severe maladjustments as is Great Britain.

All this suggests that the hope of the British worker, for some time to come, lies at least as much in the industrial realm as in the political. We do not under-estimate the importance of political control in appreciating the fact that able industrial organization and leadership are indispensable for the success of British labor—as they are for the welfare of the whole nation. What is the present status and outlook of those forces within industry itself which may be most potent in either remolding it or retarding its progress?

A timely piece of testimony on this point is furnished by Ben M. Selekman and Sylvia Kopald Selekman, in their new book, "British Industry Today," just published by Harper and Brothers. It is the result of a personal investigation on the part of the authors, who, as trained economists who had reported upon industrial situations in this country, spent many months in observation and inquiry into the British problem.

The authors admit that the plight of Britain is serious, yet they assert that it is not as black as it is sometimes painted. Though the export trades have suffered, the important "sheltered" trades have not been so badly off. Even in foreign commerce, Great Britain's share among the nations has not materially decreased in comparison with that which she had before the War. The main trouble is a decline of total world trade. In spite of unemployment, the real wages paid for full-time work have, on the average, increased somewhat since 1914. And industrial forces have not been idle. They may even have something to teach us. "Just as there is danger," say Mr. and Mrs. Selekman, "that our post-War prosperity may obscure our defects, so there is danger that Britain's post-War depression may obscure her contributions."

Great Britain is, of course, a nation in which trade-union organization is almost universal in the important industries, and in which the machinery of collective dealing and adjustment of disputes has developed to a high degree. We hear a great deal about dramatic conflicts like the coal strikes or the general strike, but we do not hear that the iron and steel industry has not been interrupted by a major strike or lockout for more than thirty years, or that the boot and shoe industry has not had one

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nition on the ground that the Soviet government has repudiated the Kerensky loan made by the United States during the World War; and that it has confiscated without compensation property of American citizens. Finally we have opposed Soviet recognition on the ground that the Third International carries on communistic propaganda within the United States. Do these objections have any merit?

In a note of December 1923, M. Chicherin, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, informed President Coolidge of the "complete readiness" of his government to negotiate in regard to these matters, and to accept the principle of mutual non-intervention in internal affairs. To this Mr. Hughes, who was then Secretary of State, replied in characteristic manner, that there was no reason for negotiation. If the Soviet government was ready to restore confiscated property and pay its debts, it could do so without any conference. Nevertheless the United States did not demand that the Allied governments unconditionally pay their debts contracted during the World War. Instead we negotiated debt agreements with fourteen countries, scaling down our claims in some cases by half or more. Now the debt owed by Russia to the United States stands upon exactly the same basis as these other debts. If the United States could negotiate with the other governments in regard to such debts, how can it logically refuse to negotiate with Russia?

It is true that the Soviet government, impelled by a religion of Communism, confiscated the property of many foreigners in Russia. Some of these foreigners have waived their claims and have resumed business with Russia upon Soviet terms. Other foreigners are settling their claims outside of diplomatic channels. Thus the Shell Transport Company of England recently agreed to buy Soviet oil on condition that it be given a rebate on the price as reparation for oil properties confiscated by the Soviet authorities. It is probable that this method of settling old claims will be followed by other concerns. A bridge between private capital and state Socialism is gradually being built by direct negotiations between the Soviet authorities and foreign business men. Within recent months some of the largest corporations in the United States have entered into contracts with the Russian Trade Monopoly. Thus the International General Electric Company has extended to the Soviets a six-year credit of more than $20,000,000 for the purchase of electrical machinery. The Soviet has also recently signed a contract for the purchase of Ford cars worth $30,000,000. Many American concerns have recently agreed to send engineers and other experts to establish factories in Russia and otherwise assist in the success of the Soviet experiment. The great majority of American business men who have had relations with the Soviet authorities are satisfied with the treatment received. If the most responsible industrialists in the United States can thus associate themselves with the Soviet regime, how can the American government logically decline to recognize this regime on the ground that it cannot be trusted to treat American private interests fairly?

Finally, there is the question of communistic propaganda. The Soviet government is ready to give pledges against this propaganda, but the United States is apparently unwilling to accept these pledges, on the ground that they will not be kept. We point to the broken pledges made by the Soviets to other countries. The defense of the Russians is that this propaganda is carried on by the Third International and not by the government. As a matter of fact Russian propaganda has become serious only in China and the Middle East. And it is doubtful whether Communism alone can be blamed for Russian propaganda in these two areas. This propaganda is merely the continuance of the historic rivalry between Russia and the British Empire for predominance in the East. There is no doubt that many orthodox Communists believe it to be their duty to carry the gospel of Leninism into every part of the world, but their zeal has already brought them into conflict with the more conservative Russian authorities. Even if propaganda continues, there is no danger that it will do damage to the capitalistic world, as long as the capitalistic world treats its laboring classes with a minimum degree of decency. The United States is not justified in accusing Russia of violating anti-propaganda pledges until after those pledges are actually given. And even if violations of such a pledge should occur, does any one seriously believe that communistic propaganda would shake the stability of American institutions?

We suspect that the real reason for the past failure of the United States to recognize Soviet Russia is the fear of parochial-minded politicians, business men and labor leaders that the success of Bolshevism might mean disaster to the system of private capitalism in the United States. The larger corporations and the banks do not share these fears any more than does informed opinion generally. But so successful has been anti-Soviet propaganda in this country that many still stand in terror of the Bolshevist bogey. Another reason is the pressure upon the government of labor leaders whose unions have felt the disrupting influence of Communist policy in this country. Nevertheless this influence has been defeated by the stronger and more progressive unions, and the more intelligent union officials feel capable of dealing with it without attacking proposals of recognition. Certainly the choice between recognition and non-recognition can make little practical difference to American unions; if they do their job well, the Communists have little chance to seize the leadership in either case.

The advantages of recognizing Russia are manifold. American recognition of Russia would increase the mediatory influence of the United States over Soviet foreign policy. Recognition, accom-

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love and tolerance and charity is to voice the pious hope that, on his way west, the Rev. O. R. Miller will not stop off at Emporia, Kansas. He and Mr. White, of course, have a good deal in common. But would Mr. White enjoy being reminded of it? We doubt that. We doubt that very much indeed.

INTO COLUMN THREE, page thirteen, of the New York World, which has been filled with such an odd miscellany since the time of the unhappy *affaire Broun,* there slid recently an article by John L. Balderston, The World's London correspondent. Mr. Balderston's subject was the "great air battle" put on by the Royal Air Force of Great Britain for the delectation of a quarter of a million spectators, among the top-hatted members of which were "Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden and Lord Passfield (ex-Sidney Webb), not to speak of the Air Minister himself, Lord Thomson, who owes his job to having been the one soldier of eminence hereabouts who used to write pacifist articles for the newspapers." On the receiving end of the spectacle was an unnamed port of an unnamed (but, of course, aggressive) foreign power. "We saw," remarks Mr. Balderston, "the Royal Air Force avenging Geneva and Kellogg by blowing to pieces several hundreds of thousands of inoffensive dock laborers, navvies, lorry chauffeurs, soldiers and seamen. During these proceedings we saw twenty or thirty young men roasted in the air." The publication of the article coincided with the announcements from London and Washington that Great Britain and the United States would henceforth abandon naval competition. To stop building cruisers while doing everything possible to increase the efficiency with which destruction infinitely magnified can be tossed from the sky, is rather on the order of stone-age chiefs solemnly agreeing to abandon clubs as instruments of warfare, each of them, incidentally, having discovered knives.

Recognize Russia!

ANOTHER example of the futility, if not the downright harmfulness, of the attitude of the United States towards Soviet Russia has been given in the recent Russo-Chinese embroglio in Manchuria. Although the United States does not recognize the existence of the Soviet government, it saw fit to admonish it, through the channel of France, not to go to war. It is little wonder that Moscow received our advances with a haughty coolness. It is doubtful now whether war will break out in North Manchuria. But if the dispute is amicably settled, it will probably be because of the mediation of the German government which is on good terms with both parties, and not because of the United States.

Many opponents of the Soviet regime in this country declare that Russia is a menace to the peace of the world. If this is true, the "menace" is increased by the present policy of the United States. Because of our recognition policy, the State Department has no first-hand source of information in regard to Russia; it must rely upon the press, upon other embassies, and upon simple gossip. The United States has no ambassador in Moscow who can discuss international matters face to face with the Russian authorities. There is no Russian Ambassador in Washington with whom Mr. Stimson can have his heart-to-heart talks. All that can now be done, when we wish to exhort the Soviet government not to violate the Kellogg Pact, is to issue broadsides to the press, and make appeals through governments who have been bold enough to resume relations with a country which the United States still regards as an outcast.

The truth is that the United States is playing a game of hide and seek. We allow Russia to adhere to the Anti-War Pact; we attend League of Nation meetings in regard to disarmament and economic matters along with Soviet representatives; we send back-door messages to the Soviets not to go to war; and we allow American merchants to enter into daily commercial relations with representatives of the Soviet Foreign Trade Monopoly. Despite it all, the American government officially denies that the Soviet government is a legal fact. We refuse to "recognize" it!

Why is it that the United States, alone of the great powers, maintains this attitude of legalistic aloofness toward Moscow? The reasons were stated by President Calvin Coolidge in his message of December, 1923, in which he said that this government did not propose "to enter into relations with another regime which refuses to recognize the sanctity of international obligations. I do not propose to barter away, for the privileges of trade, any of the cherished rights of humanity. I do not propose to make merchandize of any American principles." This sounds very idealistic and sacrificial; but the President spoiled it all by stating that the government offered "no objection to the carrying on of commerce by our citizens with the people of Russia." Now President Coolidge must have known that the foreign trade of Russia is in the hands of a government monopoly. Yet he saw nothing inconsistent in permitting our business men to make profit out of a system at one minute and then condemning it in the next upon the basis of "great American principles." What President Coolidge thought he could have was the trade and the principle, too. The hypocrisy of this position, which the American government still maintains, is transparent. The American government and the American courts have within recent years conceded the validity of numerous acts of Soviet authorities which at one time it would not have allowed in the case of an unrecognized government. Partly as a result of the commercial activities of Soviet representatives in this country, the United States today is Russia's second best customer.

Specifically the United States has opposed recog-

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able to succeed in this will always be considered a matter of high recommendation to him as a master." In other words, the captain of the ship is invited to gamble with the lives of his passengers in order to save money for his owners.

OTHER matters are criticized in the Board of Trade report, but they are comparatively minor. There was, for instance, "an insufficient margin of stability and reserve buoyancy," and the hatches were not battened down soon enough. The crew is exonerated on the charge of cowardice, but the criticism is made that seamen had not been assigned to lifeboats and there had been no boat drills. An important cause of the tragedy, next after the urgency of the demand for profits which caused the overloading and postponed the S. O. S., was the inadequacy of inspection before the ship sailed. This was partly due to the fact that she was a foreign vessel leaving an American port, but was also, in part, caused by the inadequacy of the American law. What is next indicated is a congressional inquiry, the taking of testimony from expert witnesses, and a new statute, with teeth in it, which will prevent any vessel, whatever her flag, from sailing from an American port to repeat the fate of the "Vestris."

THE British Labor government acted promptly and properly in dismissing Lord Lloyd, the High Commissioner of Egypt. He was so completely out of sympathy with the legitimate aspirations of the Egyptians that even the Tories would probably have found it necessary soon to get rid of him. Negotiations are now in progress regarding a new treaty, which will remove some of the present causes of dissatisfaction among the Nationalists. According to unofficial but probably accurate forecasts, British troops are to be removed from Cairo and other spots in the interior and concentrated along the Suez Canal, the safeguarding of which was one of the most important points in the four British reservations in 1922. Great Britain will support the Egyptian application for membership in the League, which the less radical of the Nationalists have desired as a convenient sounding-board in case they should need to appeal to world public opinion for fairer treatment. If questions arise regarding the interpretation of the new treaty, they are to be settled by recourse to the World Court. Finally, ambassadors are to be exchanged.

THIS SETTLEMENT is a long way from being perfect, yet it probably represents concessions as great as Labor can hope to get confirmed while it is a minority in the British Parliament. An objection to the negotiations is that the existing Egyptian government is itself an illegal one. Lord Lloyd forced the dispersal of the Egyptian Parliament, and British police broke up a secret meeting of the members which convened to declare the regime illegal. It remains to be seen whether Egyptian public opinion will accept a fairly good settlement arranged with a government conspicuously the tool of Great Britain. If it will not, Mr. MacDonald will save time and enhance his moral prestige by starting all over again with an Egyptian government which represents the Egyptians.

THE great Edison test is ended, and Wilber Huston, sixteen, of Seattle, has been officially announced as "the brightest boy in the United States" and as "Mr. Edison's successor." Young Huston, who seems to have more sense than most of the others connected with the enterprise, repudiates both these slogans and well he might. Nobody knows whether he is the brightest boy or not; he succeeded in passing a state examination and then in ranking highest in an extremely clumsy and unscientific questionnaire. Only two of the board of five examiners have any professional qualification to judge the abilities of boys; the others qualified by being famous and helping "the story." Huston is to get his tuition at M. I. T., where he would very likely have gone anyhow; and there is no evidence that any of the other forty-eight boys will fail to get the education he would have received as Mr. Edison's gift if he had won the test. As for Huston's being "Edison's successor," there seems no concrete promise that he will even have the chance. The whole episode is the sort of thing which makes so many Europeans accuse us of naïvete, or worse: You want a genius? Then we'll organize to find him . . . with a blare of publicity. Indeed, we should not be surprised to find that the whole enterprise was part of the ballyhoo for the Electric Light's Golden Jubilee. If so, Mr. Edison has driven the world's best bargain in exchanging eight terms' tuition at M. I. T., forty-nine radio sets, and some carfare for about seven million dollars' worth of what the movie world calls "publikkity."

THE HOT WEATHER becomes bearable, of a sudden, now that we know that the Rev. O. R. Miller is going to be able to have his vacation. You don't remember the Rev. O. R. Miller? Do you remember that, a while ago, there was a presidential political campaign? And that a Mr. William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, was featured in that campaign as a defender of American purity against the threat of a disreputable furriner named Alfred E. Smith? Then, perhaps, you recall that the material on which Mr. White based his righteous protest was furnished him by this same Rev. O. R. Miller, State Superintendent of the New York Civic League. Poor Mr. Miller got no vacation that year. He was busy gathering more material for Mr. White—the Reform Bulletin is our authority for the statement—"Last year he devoted his vacation to re-checking the public record of Governor Al Smith on moral questions." This year he is going to California, and a group of admirers has raised $2,000 to pay the fare. Our contribution to the general fund of brotherly

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Russia. Here, ag[illegible]romise which had figured prominently i[illegible]ction, and once again there seemed to be[illegible]d reason for caution, since the Liberals ar[illegible]lly of the same opinion. Everyone supposed [illegible] in 1924, the first step would be taken in the [illegible]veek of office, and that before June was out an[illegible]sadors would have been exchanged. Three weeks went by in consulting the Dominions, which seemed an unnecessary courtesy, for they were not approached when Sir Austen Chamberlain made the rupture. Then, to our dismay, Mr. MacDonald gave a promise that no exchange of ambassadors should become effective until the opposition could debate his decision in Parliament, which means, at the earliest, the last days of October—five months' delay in a simple executive action for which the Government has an ample majority. Worse still, a procedure has been adopted which means that the renewal of intercourse is subject to some conditions not fully disclosed. Russia is invited to send a special representative, with whom the resumption of normal relations will be discussed. Yet the Labor party had taken the view that there were no good grounds for the rupture: why, then, should it impose fresh conditions in healing it? To exchange ambassadors with Russia is not, as the Tories seem to argue, to confer an honor: it is a necessary preliminary to the efficient conduct of our own diplomatic business. The Manchurian crisis broke out on the day when this delay was announced, and our Foreign Office, without direct contact with one of the powers concerned, had to realize its own impotence to take any steps to preserve the peace of the Far East. One does not know as yet how Russia will respond to this grudging invitation, but one cannot look forward to a very cordial relationship. That, in turn, must react on our economic situation and disappoint some of the hopes which our depressed engineering industry had entertained. It is possible, however, that Mr. MacDonald had another reason for this delay. There is a persistent rumor that he hopes to discuss with Mr. Hoover a common policy toward Russia.

These instances of extreme caution are symptomatic of a general attitude. One might multiply them indefinitely. The Government, for example, is in no hurry to hold the promised inquiry into banking policy, though it lies at the root of our problems of employment. To take another instance: Mr. Snowden has adopted the extreme Nationalist position in the matter of inter-allied debts, and if he really adheres to his declarations, he may jeopardize the adoption of the Young Report, and delay the evacuation of the Rhineland. Again, to the dismay of many of us, the Foreign Office is negotiating a settlement with Egypt, though its present government owes its existence to a *coup d'état* of its King against its Parliament. A very singular change is occurring in the alignment of parties. Labor, perhaps because it is irksome to rely on Liberal support, seems eager to lessen the gulf which divides it from the Tories; while Liberal opinion—if one may judge from The Manchester Guardian—is to be found steadily on its left, stimulating it to a bolder policy than its leaders care to risk.

This timidity springs partly from tactics, but it also reflects the balance of power in the leadership of the party. Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Snowden dominate a cabinet in which none of the abler, younger men—except Wedgewood Benn—were included. Of the three chiefs, Mr. MacDonald has an instinctively conservative temperament, combined with the racial caution of a Scot. Mr. Thomas is an unusually able labor union leader, who never professed to be a Socialist, has no interest in theories of any kind, and combines the outlook on life of the average "man in the street" with ten times the average man's capacity; Mr. Snowden's effective beliefs—the convictions for which this singularly honest and courageous man will fight to the bitter end—are those of a Liberal of the late Gladstonian epoch. Free Trade is a religion to him: he expects marvels from the removal of the few remaining taxes on food: he is resolute over the taxation of land values: the "City" trusts his views on money, and his instincts are for deflation: finally, he is an enthusiastic dry. But, like Mr. MacDonald, he has an unbending faith in peace, and an uncompromising hatred of war, which accounts for the curious notion, still surviving in old-fashioned circles, that they are dangerous persons.

No great gap in years separates these leaders from the younger members of the party, of whom the ablest occupy the junior ministerial posts. The gap is rather between the men who did their formative thinking before the war, and the men who acquired or revised their outlook since the peace. The Socialism of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden had an ethical basis: it is an ideal of human relations which belongs to a Utopia so distant that it seems to have no bearing on our daily problems. The Socialism of the younger generation is, on the contrary, an immediately practical economic policy, which aims at the scientific control of industry, of credit, and of imports, and at a wider diffusion of buying power among the masses. Of this policy Mr. Snowden is probably the most formidable opponent in British politics, while with much of it a typical Liberal intellectual, like Mr. Keynes, is in agreement. These contrasts exist, however, in every big party: with patience and charity, not to mention the distribution of offices, they can be softened or concealed. It is more doubtful whether the men who represent the stricken areas of mass-unemployment and the desperate population of the coalfields can adjust themselves to the moderation of the leaders.

At the root of this difficulty, deeper than any question of leadership, is the triangle of our party

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rivalries. Labor has grown mainly at the expense of the Liberals, and it can grow rapidly in the near future only by annihilating them. The result is that it is adamant against any suggestion of conference or consultation with them. To recognize them as allies would be to prolong their doomed life. Moreover, if one accepts their support, one must pay for it, before the next election, by conceding some measure of electoral reform, whether proportional representation or the alternative vote. Under our rough transitional system, two parties can compete for power: a third party cannot, in the long run, survive. The Government has conceded an inquiry into this question, but the overwhelming opinion in the party is against any change which would check its growth and increase Liberal representation in the House. Now proportional representation would have doubled the numbers of the Liberals in this Parliament: the alternative vote might, I think, have given them an even larger following. It is intelligible that Labor is not enamoured of reforms which would rehabilitate its rival, nor does it wish to incur a debt which it would be forced to pay in this unpopular coinage.

That is only human, but the immediate consequences are serious. If Labor cared to make a friendly pact with the Liberals, it might go boldly forward alike in the domestic and in the international field, with a much more advanced policy than it dare risk today. For since it will not permit even informal consultations with the Liberals, it follows that it must do nothing which would needlessly provoke the Tories. The timidity of these early weeks may be partly the inexperience of new men who find themselves overwhelmed by heavy tasks, an immediate crisis in cotton, an imminent crisis in coal, an awkward controversy with the French, and the vast constructive task of our industrial problem. Under all the good temper of these early debates there are anxieties which demand exceptional energy and courage. But in part this timidity is tactical. It springs from the resolve to steer a middle course so safe that Labor can dispense with Liberal aid, because it will not arouse Tory opposition. If that is a correct diagnosis, the harvest of this second period of office may be more meager than the rank and file anticipates. A narrow reckoning of electoral chances may in the end hamper the party in serving the causes which it has at heart. But these are first impressions. The scene, as the realities beat upon a preconceived strategy, may change before the first session of this unusual Parliament has run its course.

London H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Gastonia Goes to Trial

TO REACH Gastonia from Charlotte a motorist drives for twenty miles almost due south along a broad paved highway. It is a landscape of low hills mostly wooded with pine and oak, but here and there one sees a peach orchard or a small field of cotton or tobacco. About midway between the two cities, where the red Catawba River divides Mecklenburg from Gaston County, the stranger will have pointed out to him the spot where two police officers on the evening of June 7 chased a man into the river and used him for target practice. About nine o'clock that same evening these same officers were with Chief Aderholt when he was shot in the raid on the strikers' tent colony at Loray. They will be star witnesses for the prosecution in the attempt to convict sixteen young people of having murdered their chief. They are under indictment for being drunk and disorderly two hours earlier when they drove Pedro into the river.

A little further on one sees in the distance a rather conspicuous mountain lifting its head above the surrounding hills. This is King's Mountain, where one of the decisive battles of the war for American independence was fought. Gastonia lies almost in its shadow.

Gastonia is a pretty little city of 20,000 with wide paved streets and prosperous-looking shops. Finding yourself suddenly on the main street of a Saturday evening, you might think you had dropped into Danbury, Connecticut—at least until your ears happened to catch the soft voices and the pleasant southern intonations. Moving among these soft-spoken, potentially fairminded people in their places of business or their homes, the stranger finds it difficult to realize to what extent their passions and prejudices have been aroused by the events of the past few weeks.

There is something mysterious and perhaps ominous in the outward calm of the place. Up to three days before the opening of the trial the Gastonia Gazette, which is the only daily in the county, waged a campaign of fierce hatred against the defendants and against everybody who had been connected with the strike. Even defense counsel had been vilified and threatened. Suddenly all this changed. The Gazette took on a tone of impartiality and joined with other papers of the state in emphasizing the necessity of a fair trial. Those whose interests are known to be with the defense are treated with courtesy if not with warm hospitality. The visiting press in particular has received scrupulous consideration and has been accorded every possible facility by the Gazette management. It would appear that concern is felt lest the community should be advertised disadvantageously in the newspapers of the

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land. It has only recently dawned on the soberer Gastonia consciousness that this case cannot be guarded as a local and strictly private affair.

One cannot get an intelligible picture of what is now going on in Gastonia without relating it to the background of the textile strike. The Loray Mill of the Manville-Jenckes Company stands in the outskirts of the city—a vast forbidding structure of red brick. About it are rows and rows of mill houses of three or four rooms each. The rent for these homes averages about fifty cents a week a room. A few of them, those occupied by the families of foremen and other bosses, have neat lawns in front and vegetable gardens in the rear. Most of them, however, are bleak and ugly and are surrounded only by bare hard ground. When it is remembered that the Loray strike was against the vicious "stretch-out" system, that the day-shift "hands" work fifty-five hours a week and the night-shift sixty, and that the average weekly pay is around fourteen dollars, it is easy to understand that little energy or incentive exists for the worker to use his time away from the mills to cultivate the soil. The people who work in mills show all the grim evidences of physical exhaustion and undernourishment. Pellagra is not uncommon, especially among the children. It is significant that some of those who have been idle for several weeks have gained as much as fifteen pounds as a result of rest from the grind. Even the prisoners look much healthier than the men and women who are now going daily to the mills. I could not help contrasting the lives of the mill workers with those of their employers. Over in Charlotte there is a two-mile avenue called Myers Park, said to be one of the most beautiful residence streets in America, which is lined with homes very different from the shabby gray houses clustering about the Loray mills. These are the stately mansions of the mill-owning aristocracy.

Socially and economically this condition is industrial feudalism. At its best it works out for the creation of an idyllic capitalistic Utopia—the mill-owners standing in the relation of beneficent overlords to workers who earn just enough to keep them healthy and make them contented with being workers. You have that at the model city of Cramerton, a few miles north of Gastonia. At its worst it works out, under the system of mismanagement and cut-throat competition, in terms of what the Communists have dramatized as the "class struggle." The Loray strike, the use of the police to oppress and intimidate the strikers, the shooting of Chief Aderholt, and the culminating trial are its manifestations. You may sniff at the class struggle, but, whether you like it or not, here is the thing that the Communists call by that name—raw. The seeds of calamity are in it, and those seeds may sprout and bear bitter fruit at any time.

Whether consciously or not, the mass of well-to-do citizens have had their psychology molded for them by the mill-owners. They recognize that the industrialization of the South is bringing prosperity and progress into communities that were backward and economically stagnant. Instinctively they share in the apprehension of the barons that, if there is no longer a docile working class supplying cheap man-power to the mills, but an organized body of workers with sufficient power and morale to back up their demands, the propitious development of the last few years may be interrupted. But there is at the same time a growing force of intelligent liberal sentiment in the state which is beginning to resent the economic, social and political domination of the mills. All these factors are reflected in one way or another at Gastonia.

The most amazing thing about this amazing trial is the defendants. I saw them first in the county jail just two days before their first appearance in court. The three young women have a comfortable room with light and plenty of space to move about. The young men, on the other hand, are all packed into a typical cell about twelve feet square. They, as well as the women, seemed quite cheerful. Fred Beal laughed and talked with me through the bars while the others joined in with good-natured jokes about their character as criminals. All of them are surprisingly young. The impression I got from talking with both the men and the women was that they do not take their situation very seriously, but that if it should turn out to be serious the sense of the rightness of their cause would make them face it courageously. The whole ghastly business seems utterly unreal when one looks at these prisoners.

They came into court for the first time on Monday of last week. A more incredible lot of "vicious criminals" never appeared before a bar of justice to defend their lives. Clarence Miller, with whom I had joked in the morning in the court room, was now among them, having been promoted by the Grand Jury from the status of a mere assault defendant to that of a murderer. When they stood up one by one to be arraigned, they looked like the graduating class of a small town high school rising to receive their diplomas. They were the coolest persons in all that packed and steaming court room. One could not help watching the mobile face of the judge to see what effect the sight of these calm, clear-eyed desperadoes would have on him. But it was easier to read the faces of the defendants. Some of them actually looked slightly amused and somewhat bored, as if they had consented to be there only in order not to be disagreeable.

The arraignment involved a quaint little ritual. The suave solicitor, Mr. Carpenter, had to read the entire indictment to every defendant in turn. When that was finished and the plea of "not guilty" had been made by Tom Jimison as defense counsel, the following litany completed the ceremony:

> SOLICITOR: How will you be tried?
> COUNCIL: By God and my country.
> SOLICITOR: May God give you a true deliverance.

There is a precious story that cannot yet be told

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of what one of the defendants murmured to a neighbor at this point. Without any disrespect to the court the young person in question indicated a clear hope that all would be for the best.

Though the case has thus far been but two days in court, there has been much stirring drama. Judge M. V. Barnhill is himself a dramatic personality. He is tall, lean, erect, firm-jawed and human. With the utmost simplicity and without any effort he succeeds in giving dignity to a situation which has in it the elements of absurd farce as well as of tragedy. One feels that neither the curls and big eyes of Sophie Melvin nor the prejudice against the opinions and activities of the defendants will move him from his expressed determination to try the case as a case at law. From the time when he instructed the Grand Jury on their function and explained the attitude of the Court on the necessity of a fair and impartial trial, no intelligent observer could fail to be impressed by his force and his sincerity. But the Communist press, as soon as Judge Barnhill came into the case, hailed the change as a gesture intended to fool the workers into confidence in the possibility of getting justice in a North Carolina court. It is worth noting that only a few minutes before he gave his favorable decision on the motion for a change of venue, a member of the prosecution handed him a copy of The Daily Worker in which the unfairness of the courts toward workers was symbolized in a cartoon showing the judge in this case as a blood-thirsty monster serving the interests of the mill-owners. He looked at it frowningly for a moment, then put it aside with a smile.

In winning a change of venue the defense scored a victory of no small importance. But neither that victory nor the favorable impression created by Judge Barnhill can be interpreted as a reason for believing that the case is won for the defense. There can be no doubt that the prosecution will make every effort to convict as many as possible and exact as severe penalties as lie within the power of the court to impose. The announcement that the state will not ask first degree convictions against Sophie Melvin, Vera Bush and Amy Schechter is no sign that the prosecution has relented against these three because of humane considerations. It is merely an acknowledgment that there would be slight probability of finding a North Carolina jury willing to send these women to the electric chair. To that extent it is a concession to "southern chivalry," but not necessarily to the chivalry of the prosecution.

Whether Judge Barnhill will still preside when the case comes again to a hearing some time near the end of August depends upon whether the Governor will appoint another special term of court or refer the case to the regular session, which opens August 26. Outside observers who have watched events thus far with sympathetic concern for the defendants are hopeful that it will be a special term trial.

There has been some uneasiness in the minds of many as to the effects of control by the International Labor Defense over defense policies and strategy. Whether the dangers in that situation are serious or not, there are many sympathizers who would feel greatly cheered if some form of intelligent control could be exercised over what The Daily Worker prints about the case during the next few weeks. FORREST BAILEY.

A Dyke Against Mexicans

THE porter picked up my bags in the hotel in Guadalajara, and shuffled ahead of me to the station. While he was stowing them away in the Pullman, I looked over the train. The usual equipment: baggage, day coach, diner, Pullman. At the end, however, was attached an armored car, filled with khaki-jacketed soldiers; between this little arsenal and the Pullman were two cars loaded with silver pesos, to be distributed among the track laborers all the way from Guadalajara to Nogales.

Now, pay cars were "bandit bait," which I should have been just as glad to have left behind. But neither *cristeros* nor "defenders of the constitution" appeared. The train ambled northward, stopping at each section to pay off the laborers. Laughing, talking, joking, the men filed past the pay clerk in their white pants and jumpers, each receiving his silver pesos in the deep crown of his sombrero. I chatted with them while they waited, and learned the insignificent sum they earned: a peso and a half per day, with no extras. North of the line the same men, doing exactly the same work for the same company, are paid two dollars and sixty cents per day, American money, with free houses, free wood, and free water. Could anyone find a clearer explanation of at least one of the causes of Mexican immigration into the United States?

The expansion of our industries after the War, the growth of irrigation projects in the southwest, and the quota law of 1924, which barred all cheap labor except Mexican, have all combined to draw a stream of Mexicans from their country into ours. There are more Mexicans in our southern tier of states west of the gulf, than in Mexico's northern tier. In other words, when you cross the line, moving northward, Mexicans become more numerous.

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Los Angeles has become the second Mexican city of the world. Nobody knows just how many Mexicans there are there, because nobody ever knows anything definite about Los Angeles. At the last count, however, there were 35,926 Mexican children in the city schools. There are probably fifty times as many Mexicans now in the territory that we won from Mexico as there were when it still flew the tricolor of the serpent and the cactus. In fact, disregarding Mexico's four million Indians, who do not figure in the problem, one-fifth of her Spanish-speaking population is today living under the Stars and Stripes. We talk of our capitalistic penetration of Mexico; it is nothing compared with Mexico's labor penetration of the United States.

The northern and eastern states are now also beginning to be familiar with the Mexican. For the quota law of 1924 has created a labor vacuum which is sucking Mexican labor into far fields. San Antonio, Dallas, El Paso, Los Angeles, and Phoenix have become distributing centers where labor agents bid against each other for the available workers.

I was recently called upon to make a survey of the Mexican colony in Saginaw, Michigan. In the foundry of the General Motors Corporation, I found a group of four hundred men. Most of them had been recruited from the beet-workers that the sugar companies had brought from Texas. They were now earning four dollars and a half per day, and their work was permanent. It was only natural that many of the other Mexicans in the neighborhood should have been eager to graduate from the agricultural to the industrial group. And this is going on all over the country. The farmers go to considerable expense to recruit Mexican labor, only to see it taken away from them by the industries. For the movement is from the farm to the factory and the foundry, leaving the farmers to hold the bag.

It is this fact that has awakened the interest of the American Federation of Labor. As long as the Mexican did only the "dirty work," work that "no white man would do," American labor was neutral on the subject of Mexican immigration. But now the semi-skilled American is caught between the upper mill-stone of American skilled labor, and the nether mill-stone of Mexican common labor. And so we have an ordinance in Los Angeles providing that all public work shall be done by American citizens; a bill in the last California legislature seeking to extend the same system over the state; and an appeal that the quota be applied to Mexico. As usual, the real reasons are economic; and as usual, the pretended reasons are social and racial.

We are told that Mexicans accustomed to live upon a few cents a day introduce lowered standards of living; that they migrate from place to place, making the establishment of homes impossible; that they come from the land where amoebic dysentery is a major peril, and are employed here in the handling of foodstuffs; that they are not assimilable either from a cultural or a racial standpoint.

These arguments, in fact, deserve consideration. It is true that the Mexican peon class, from which most of our immigrants come, has been accustomed to living in shacks, hovels, and holes in the ground. Families of eight and ten crowd easily into two rooms; in this country, no house is so full that space cannot be made for the family of the brother, sister, nephew, or cousin, who has just arrived from Mexico, or is temporarily out of work and cannot pay the rent on a house of his own. This crowding breeds disease; and disease is no respecter of persons. Typhus fever in the south side of El Paso would imperil the whole city; and amoebic dysentery, in the southwest, is no idle fear.

It is also true that the Mexican is a rover. And if a family home, settled and permanent in the community, is the bulwark of American civilization, the Mexican is a shaky pillar. Recently I was driving over the Ridge Route which connects Los Angeles with the San Joaquin valley. The grape harvest was just over in the valley, but the cotton was white in the fields, and labor was in demand. South of the Tehachapi around Los Angles, the navel orange crop would soon be gathered. All day long I saw two processions of Mexicans passing. Old Fords, loaded with mattresses, tents, bedding, pots, pans, and children, coughed along on three cylinders; small trucks doing both a passenger and freight business; a procession of people who had been working in the grapes going south to work in the oranges, and an equally long procession of people who had been gathering walnuts in the south, moving north to pick cotton. The industries that employ Mexicans are teaching him to move from place to place; and he has learned the lesson too well. Chained to the soil upon which he was born in his native land, his only home in this country is often a decrepit car and a dust-covered tent.

But does the Mexican make a good American citizen? He laughs at the question; and so does everyone that knows him. The largest of the many Mexican colonies in Los Angeles counts 47,500 people; at the November election, there were 250 voters. Los Angeles naturalizes an average of about one Mexican a month; El Paso, half-Mexican, naturalizes about twenty-five a year. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1928, one hundred and twelve Mexicans throughout the entire country became American citizens; in the previous year, the number was seventy-six. Of course, Mexicans born in this country are American citizens; but few of them know it, and if told, they would indignantly repudiate it.

These arguments have weight; but that they are merely a cloak to cover the economic argument is plain from the fact that they all existed before anyone suggested applying the quota to Mexico. In

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fact, some of the advocates of immigration restriction urge their case frankly on the economic argument—whether correct or not—that Mexican labor is not really cheap. They contend that the Mexican steps on the taxpayer's toe as well as the American laborer's. Los Angeles, with a Mexican population which is about 12 percent of the total, spends from 33 percent to 60 percent of all its relief funds upon Mexican indigents. It is also claimed that Mexican labor is "cheap" only because there is so much of it. Studies in the ebb and flow of Mexican casuals indicate that these laborers are idle 30.4 percent of their time. It may be that industries prefer to have Mexicans numerous and hungry; numerous, so that the wage shall be low, and hungry, so that there may be little bickering on the job, about hours and housing.

On the other hand, the employers of Mexican labor are also ready to give social reasons instead of economic. We are told that restriction would be "a slap in the face" to Mexico; that it would undo all the good work accomplished by Morrow; that it is un-American, and un-neighborly, and that it would almost compel us to a like treatment of the other nations of the western hemisphere.

But these arguments screen the real issue. "It is only because of this unlimited supply of labor," say the farmers of the southwest, "that we can stand the labor losses inflicted upon us by the city industries, and still harvest our crops." The farmers of the Imperial Valley in California declare that without the Mexicans the valley of Barbara Worth would go back to the desert, the gila monster, and the horned toad. There are Californians who are even willing to admit that their wealth is to be found not in climate, nor in scenery, but in farms. At the base of the agricultural pyramid stands the Mexican; and as transportation and manufacturing depend upon agriculture, he is the Atlas who supports the industrial southwest. Dr. George P. Clements, manager of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, is so appalled by the peril of the quota that he recently exclaimed: "Get down on your knees, you Californians, and pray that the quota bill shall not pass."

Track work on the railroads of the country is being done more and more by Mexican laborers, and Mr. Kelly of the Southern Pacific system estimates that not less than a quarter of a million of these people, including families, are supported in this country by this work. Naturally, the railroads are opposed to the quota; they declare, however, that the trains will run even if Mexican immigration is restricted, explaining sadly that in order to get labor they shall have to rob the farmers, who are their best customers.

The farmers are also ready to tell what they will do. "We shall import Porto Ricans. They are citizens, and can vote as soon as they establish a residence." Around Phoenix, Arizona, this is no idle threat, for about four years ago two thousand Porto Ricans were imported to pick cotton. The experiment was a failure. Practically all were negroes, who were ill adapted to the new environment, and could not be speeded up to the point where they could pick enough cotton to make a living. They soon became public charges, and the cotton growers regretted their experiment. But the prospect of the quota will tempt them to try it again.

As a last resort there is the argument of *laissez-faire*. "Leave the problem alone, and it will solve itself." "The Mexicans do not become citizens and that means that as soon as they can, they are going home." With such an anaesthetic the southwest is invited to soothe its social and economic pain.

In all this discussion, there are certain points that need to be made clear. In the first place one must swallow the fact that the Mexicans already in the United States have little intention of going home, but must be accepted as a permanent addition to our society.

This pious hope that some day the Mexicans will all go home was much in evidence in the hearings last winter before the Senate and the House Committees on Immigration, considering the Harris and the Box bills. Many farmers declared righteously that their laborers, at least, all went to Mexico to spend the winter. So affluent does one become picking cotton at a cent and a half a pound, or doing ing cotton at a cent and a half a pound, or doing the hand work on beets at twenty-three dollars an acre!

My own work involves superintending a dozen community houses, stretching from San Antonio to Los Angeles. Last spring, workers in these houses were asked to interview personally a certain number of Mexicans upon these matters of immigration. In all, 1,021 individuals were questioned. Of these, 833 had been in the United States five years or more. Twenty-four were planning to return to Mexico, fifteen were not sure, and 982 stated that it was their intention to remain permanently in the United States. None were in the habit of spending the winter in Mexico, and seventy-five percent of those interviewed said they were in favor of restricting further immigration from Mexico! Even Juan Garcia wants to be protected from the economic competition of his cousin José Lopez, who has not yet crossed the border!

Sprinkled through the reports were such statements as these:

> I'd like to go back, but the children like it better here, and I shall stay with them.
>
> No; if you are sick or out of work in this country they feed you. In Mexico, nobody cares.
>
> No; the schools are better here.
>
> Go back and work for a peso a day? Never!

No; whatever *chili con carne* we have been indiscreet enough to swallow, we shall have to assimilate as best we can.

Should we then resort to the quota? It is my opinion that we should not, if immigration can be

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limited in any other way. That too many Mexicans are entering the country each year to maintain the wages that make possible an American standard of living is obvious; but it is just as obvious that to cut the number down to 1,557 by the application of the quota would cripple the industries of the southwest. We must find a policy that will meet both of these facts.

What we need first is more information on the subject. There is probably no country and no people about whom we are so ignorant as we are about Mexico and the Mexicans. Studies have been made of every immigrant group in America, but little attention has been paid to our neighbors from the south. While social case workers are struggling with poverty among the Mexicans due to idleness, employers are complaining of a labor shortage. A commission to determine the actual labor needs of the industries employing Mexicans should be the starting point. And it should be composed of experts, not politicians.

Having discovered what we are talking about, the facts should next be laid before a joint commission representing the two countries. An agreement could then be negotiated, whereby Mexico would limit the granting of passports each year to the number of laborers who could presumably find employment. In fact, an executive order has recently gone into effect in Mexico limiting emigration to those that can show proof of employment in the country to which they are going. The Mexican government is also concerned about the emigration of its citizens to the United States, for it considers this depletion of the country's labor power comparable to the exploitation of her other resources. But Mexico does not want her nationals unfavorably singled out from among other Latin-Americans.

On the basis of this agreement, the industries employing Mexican help could then budget their labor under the supervision of a Labor Board. There is no reason why the personnel system used so successfully for skilled labor and office employees should not be extended to common labor. Such a plan would do much to eliminate the migratory features of Mexican labor. For what is needed at present is not more labor, but a better distribution of the labor already available.

With some such system as this in effect, we should also need a tighter enforcement of the restrictions already existing. Too often border needs determine border policies. In fact, the discussion of the proposed quota has already been reflected in a tightening up at the ports of entry, with the result that the number of entrants has decreased notably.

Larger appropriations would have to be made for deportations. Immigrants known to be here illegally cannot be deported at present, because the funds available for that purpose are inadequate; and powerful interests apparently lobby against every bill proposing an increase. If the club of deportation were known to be both big and effective, its power would be felt south of the line.

The Americanization of those Mexicans who are already here probably offers the most difficult problem, for nobody knows exactly what Americanization consists of. The Mexican himself thinks that he has good reasons for not wishing to become an American: the war of 1848, a century of border misunderstanding, and the ill-treatment and suspicion that he meets on every side. "If I become a citizen," he argues, "I lose the help of my consul and the protection of my government. At the same time, I am still a Mexican in the eyes of every American I meet." But justice for Mexicans in our courts, a little more consideration in our daily contacts, and fair play in industry, will gradually overcome this barrier of misunderstanding.

With the establishment of confidence among the Mexicans already in this country, and the admission of new emigrants determined by actual economic needs, the quota might safely be forgotten.

ROBERT N. MCLEAN.

Night Life in San Francisco

IN North Beach, the Latin Quarter of San Francisco, there are a dozen modest French and Italian restaurants that advertise in the daily press. Perhaps twenty more of the same class do not advertise, but are easily found. These places serve a four-or-five-course dinner at fifty, seventy-five and eighty-five cents, and red and white wine at fifty and seventy-five cents a bottle, to anybody. The crowds are gay. Several French restaurants serve two family-style fifty-cent dinners every night, locking the doors between meals, while the second crowd waits cheerfully in line. Wine is $1 a bottle. All these places are open to the general public. The smaller, private restaurants, where one must be known to get in, are better. They serve cocktails, shell fish, delicious soup, paste and salad, and some of them specialize in fresh-water fish and game—trout, bass, duck, quail, venison—in or out of the legal season. Dinner is $1.50 or $2. Good wine is sold at $2 a quart. Merry-makers linger at the tables until midnight. Or one may dine well, *à la noble experiment*, at a hotel or Chinese restaurant. In San Francisco, as elsewhere, people also eat at home, read the papers,

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listen to the radio, motor, play bridge and go to bed. Whether one dines in or out, the jazz bands call, or maybe a talkie, a concert or a prize fight. Crowds of well-dressed, nice people—flask drinkers—make whoopee every night at the hotels, the large cafés, and the Chinese restaurants. There are plenty of places to dine and dance, and some of them offer first class entertainment.

II

There are not many speakeasies in North Beach. Customers do not speak easy. They talk in their natural voices. One may laugh as long and as loud as one pleases without fear of being arrested. Mostly these are open, sidewalk saloons. Only the fronts are disguised. A man walks in as he might enter a bank: the bar, the brass rail, the polished glasses greet him. In this sector there are probably twenty popular saloons where life begins to lose its curse when the street lights come on. Here I wish to correct an erroneous impression that may have got about. One of the famous concoctions of old San Francisco was Pisco Punch. Old timers would have us believe that this drink went the way of all things beautiful, on some vague yesterday. Nothing could be more absurd. Since liquor is still made in Peru, and ships continue to sail, is there any sound reason why Pisco Punch should not be made in San Francisco tonight? There is not, and it is. Pisco Punch is the special pride and joy of a bartender near Broadway; it sells for seventy-five cents a glass. Prices in all the saloons are surprisingly low. A large glass of beer is twenty-five cents, a bottle of Canadian ale fifty cents. Brandy and coffee, or brandy and hot water, with a touch of sugar and a slice of lemon peel, favorite drinks on a foggy night, are twenty-five cents each. Gin and whiskey highballs, or good straight rye and scotch usually sell at thirty-five cents the drink, never over fifty cents. Wine is twenty-five cents a glass. The house buys a drink every round. Shaking for drinks is a great custom in San Francisco, and every bar has its leather cups and dice. Strangers get acquainted this way. Most of the saloons in North Beach are run by Italians, a few by Spaniards. The doors open early enough for a customer to breakfast on silver or golden fizzes, and four o'clock the next morning is the usual closing hour. The saloons draw together men of many races, creeds, colors, classes, and occupations. There are business men, whaling men, miners, lumberjacks, Eskimos from the Aleutian Islands, salesmen from Los Angeles, mates, chief engineers, sailors from all ports, newspaper men, politicians, Irish structural workers, Swede carpenters, poets, clowns, entertainers and free-drink characters. In the wee hours, when conversation covers the world, with the fog horns blowing in the bay, and sailors shaking hands and leaving to make ships for Hongkong, Singapore and Brisbane, it is easy to forget that one is living in the United States. Asia seems nearer, and God knows it is, than Mississippi.

III

It's a simple, jolly, care-free, elfish life the lads and lassies live on Telegraph Hill. These cliff-dwellers, like the Greenwich Villagers, are considered harmless by authorities in such matters. To all appearances children, for all I know they may have life figured out better than the Babbitts. The Hill is not policed, and cops never go up there except by request. And requests are few, for the Spanish people put up with a lot. The Hill, however, is not, and never was, Greenwich Village. A private dirt road leads to Julius' Castle on the edge of a bluff. The prices are high here, the food is excellent, and Herbert Hoover himself could not buy a drink. A public dirt road leads along a precipice to the Tavern, a rambling, weatherbeaten, barnlike house, once painted every color of the rainbow. These are the only two public perches on that dizzy Hill, to which once clung all the hell-holes of Little Chili and the roaring saloons of Sydney Town. The Tavern serves a fifty cent dinner. Dancing, singing and necking are free. The place is run, so to speak, by a group of half-arty, half-commercial irrepressibles. This Bohemian hot-spot is a nightly mecca for bond salesmen, stenographers, debutantes, and students. I never heard of a drink being served at the Tavern. The Federals knock it over about twice a month. Its proprietors also publish a quaint little sheet: The Telegraph Hill Alarm. One may rent a faded three-room shack on the Hill for $25 a month, and mutilate it to suit oneself. Any alterations with saws and hammers are, unavoidably, improvements. The hill folk proper are clannish: just one big family. Life is a community puzzle: socialism at its worst. During the day housekeepers burn garbage on the hillsides which the city facetiously calls streets; goat herds graze in them; lads and lassies doze in the sun or peer through rain-splashed windows at the ships in the great bay. A nanny goat commonly sells for $7.50. That makes it economically something when a girl has a baby. On Sunday afternoons visitors frequently encounter males roaming about the Hill in the altogether. After dark the hill-sprites gather spontaneously. They run, jump, fight, dance, play the piano, recite "Go Down Death," sing songs Sigmund Spaeth forgot, drink gallons of golden wine. They play indoors or frolic in the moonlight on the mud banks and grassy slopes. Some time before dawn they wander, weaving but sure-footed, back to their nests and lairs, carrying jugs and playing harmonicas, dim wraiths in the fog.

IV

San Francisco has always been a great gambling town. Card playing is popular at the present time. Public "poker clubs" are scattered throughout the

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city, several in the heart of the business district. They are not up three flights, behind peep-hole doors, but on the street floor just off the sidewalk. Investors start dropping in after supper; the tables are always full by midnight. One may choose between stud and draw. The games range from nickel-ante, two-bit limit pastime, to $50 change-in, table stakes games. Food is served, but no liquor. You may bring your own and drink it. When players cash in, procurers offer to meet demands of winners and losers: a bottle of Scotch, another game, or a lady of joy. One street in San Francisco is known as Wilson Avenue. The reader may figure that out for himself. These games run all night. The take-out is reasonable: a red check from each player every half hour. This sort of gambling is SINFUL, no doubt; one is apt to lose, too, but the odds, it is contended, are no greater than they are on the Stock Market. How about that, Bishop Cannon?

V

Two of the oldest and richest families in San Francisco are dining out together tonight. They make a party of twenty, including grandmother and several children. The limousines stop before a curtained entrance. The proprietor, a sorrowful, silver-haired Frenchman, greets them solemnly. They walk through a huge, quiet dining room beneath a crystal chandelier. There are perhaps twenty tables, each with its cut-glass carafe, snowy linen and heavy silver. A dozen prosperous looking people are dining. They are gay, but it is a restrained gaiety; the laughter is low. The new guests are led to a large private dining room; the lights are soft, the paneling is dark. There is soup *à l'oignon*. There is *rex* sole, dainty as lace. There is wine, several kinds, for all. Gravely, in the manner of a physician administering a portion, the waiter dilutes the children's wine with water. There is a *pièce de résistance*—chicken, a green salad, and a dessert. No better food is to be found anywhere. Two prosperous, happy American families dine leisurely and well. The waiter hands one of the gentlemen a check that looks like the rent. The food is high, the wines and liquors higher. The mournful Frenchman serves, as always, the best. Most of his friends can no longer afford to dine with him. That is tragic, but unavoidable. The drinks are all imported. Sailors go out through the Golden Gate with the Frenchman's money; they come back with his bottles. There is a dim charm, a cathedral hush, an air of departed glory about this place. It is very sad.

VI

The water-front is wettest at midnight. The most popular institution is a relic of the Barbary Coast. Nothing is served but the fiery *grappa*, and a cheap red wine for ladies. A dozen bums, black, yellow, brown and white, line the wall in front of the bar. Such characters! When a bar-customer waves his arm, or a lady slummer in a booth gives the word, they shuffle forward, toss the *grappa*, slide back to the wall for the next invitation. It may be an hour coming. That's all right; they have no place to go. Occasionally, without warning, one falls like a log. His companions carry him out. Some night a familiar face is missing. He has gone to Jesus. All drinks are served by two roaming bartenders, from pint bottles which they carry in their hip pockets. The wine is kept, disdainfully, in a cask in the corner. Any newspaper man out of work can get a few shots of *grappa* and one square meal a day gratis here. That is a long-standing rule. No books are kept. He is not expected, nor even permitted, to pay later. One thing is barred: cursing when ladies are present. A lady is any female. Strong men have been thrown bodily through the swinging doors for failing to consider a dope-crazed, snaggle-tooth Mexican hag a lady. Nearby are dance dives, percentage girls, piece-work musicians. The pianists, banjoists and violinists work when they are not too drunk. Customers throw silver into a tin can on the floor. Rotgut whiskey is twenty-five cents a shot. Here are down-and-outers, unfortunate men and women come on luckless days. The neighborhood is tough, but not dangerous. Broken heads are few and far between. Stick-up artists do not work in this sector. I never heard of a dude being bullied, threatened, or robbed in one of these joints, and I have seen many a one carried into a taxi and taken home by two bums.

The only dangerous places in San Francisco are the small, respectable-looking gangster dens on Ellis and Eddy streets. These are the hang-outs of sheik gunmen, molls, hop-heads and the backwash from San Quentin. The waterfront at night is dark, loud, dirty, alcoholic, and looks dangerous; but isn't. It is the other way around in these sleek, bright, quiet, ominous joints.

MORROW MAYO.

Conservative Music in Radical Russia

SO many travellers have sent home their accounts of Soviet Russia that one hesitates to add to the flood of words. But I am told that I am the first American composer to visit Moscow since the Revolution. And so, for those that may be interested, I am setting down, from a composer's standpoint, certain impressions of the musical situation here.

Under the Soviets, most of the arts in Russia have been consciously modernized. The theater is more experimental than in any other country today; literature is used for the popularizing of communistic ideals. But music is a more abstract art, and the conservative theorists who were influential before the Revolution have succeeded, on the whole, in convincing the Soviet leaders that giving all people the opportunity to listen to musical performances is the expression of Communism in music. These same conservatives

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shrewdly protest against any departures in composition, on the ground that complexities make music hard for the average person to perform and impossible for most people to appreciate. Consequently, many thousands of Communists are being taught much of the music of old Russia, as well as the classics of other countries. This, of course, is an excellent thing, and is laying a foundation of cultivated musical taste among the people. The irony of the situation is that the taste that is being instilled is for music expressing the bourgeois feelings of the nineteenth century—the very moods that are censored by the Soviets in all the other arts. Old tunes often have new words set to them; and it is assumed, somewhat naively, that if the words are revolutionary, the music must be also. The conservatives foster the notion among young composers that to be communistic in their new music, they must write the same simple sort of tunes the folk have always sung. The introduction of new musical elements would be the wicked voice of individualism. Thus, much of the new life that might have come into Russian composition through the political changes has been sidetracked into conservative channels.

On the other hand, the management of the State Conservatory itself seems to be in direct contradiction to this attitude, for more freedom of composition is allowed there than in any similar institution I have ever visited. But Russia has always been the home of contradictions. Many of the professors in the Conservatory are young men, and encourage their pupils in a style that shows the influence of Scriabine and Moussorgsky: this is considered highly modern. Contemporary music is more thoroughly taught in the Conservatory than in most schools in other lands. It is played even on official programs, and the most modern music that is being written in Russia comes from these professors and students. In most countries, the music schools are the strongholds of conservatism, and the teachers prevent progress by condemning innovations as contrary to musical law or precedent. Here the followers of the old school try to prevent change, not on musical grounds, but by arguing that the music of the radical professors does not express communistic ideals!

The result of all this is that the music of most of the young Russians contains some contemporary dissonances, and makes some showing of being modern, but does not adventure beyond a certain middle level. Apparently public opinion will not allow it to do so, and on the whole the composers have gone as far as they dared. The standard of technique of composition is high; the range of material strikingly uniform. The music is clearly influenced by Scriabine and Tschaikowsky; frequently the names of the individual composers might be interchanged without the listener being aware of any change in style. And this common style is one that would be considered frankly reactionary in other lands. Mossoloff, almost the only young composer I have found here who is trying to break away from the current convention, unfortunately also dispenses with high technical standards, and resorts to childish tricks, such as repetitions of the same notes, figures, and harmonies, for his effects. Such devices of modernism are already outworn in other countries.

This situation tends to throw many musical workers into other fields than composition. The State Department of Musicology, which includes all branches of knowledge about music, contains amazing musical genius, which under ordinary circumstances would probably be devoted to composition. Nowhere else in the world are so many new instruments being devised for the discovery of scientific facts of importance to music. Professor Nicolas A. Garbusov, of Moscow, has invented an instrument by which one can plainly hear undertones—and the very existence of undertones has hitherto been disputed by scientists. He has also invented a method of taking the sound waves of an entire composition so that they can afterwards be reduced to a musical notation. This makes it possible for complicated folk-music to be accurately notated, and affords a graphic system for notating all music, which it has never before had. Other workers in the musicology department have built instruments for making audible all the overtone intervals up to a very high number; instruments for showing the specific relationships between different tone-qualities, showing that the same note with a different tone-quality may sound like a different note altogether. Katherine Malzewa has made amazing discoveries in regard to the psychological reactions of listeners to music. Victor Belieff, working with musical history, as well as with folk-music from different parts of primitive Russia, has discovered in the music of Turkemania the genesis of our twelve-tone scale, and has traced its passage to western Europe. In Leningrad also, the department of the science of music is the most vital musical activity. It is a part of the Institute for the History of Arts. Georg Rimsky-Korsakoff, son of the famous composer, is doing epoch-making work in the investigation of quarter-tones, and other finer divisions. Semjon Ginsburg has made a comparative study of the music of all primitive races, with a view to discovering a common basis for all music. He knows more about our American Indian music—having learned from records to sing hundreds of Indian melodies—than anyone I know of in the United States. In Moscow the other evening I attended a concert which illustrated the activities of the musicology department. Abramov presented a concert of four pianos tuned an eighth of a step apart. On this combination he had played, by four players, familiar music by Bach, Handel, Scriabine, and so on, shifting the notes from one keyboard to the other so that he got notes closer to the "natural" system of tuning than is possible on one keyboard. His idea was that the ear of the auditor would not be able to distinguish the difference between the very close approximations he gave, and the real natural tuning. Unfortunately, the difference was only too apparent.

The Persimfons orchestra, which has no conductor, is too well known to need explanation. It is also the result of a curious misunderstanding in the attempt to communise music. The music played is the same old music that we are familiar with, often very uncommunistic in spirit, but the performing of it without a leader seems to satisfy communistic exigencies. This old music, however, was written for an orchestra which is to be played upon by a conductor, and which should be a unit; the parts are not constructed in such a way that the members can freely do as they will with them without destroying the music. It would be very interesting indeed, if a few of the young

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Russians should write music so constructed that it would permit the individual men to play their parts freely, and would still blend as a whole. Then the conductorless orchestra would have a reason; but in its present form, the absence of the conductor merely imposed a greater difficulty on the men in keeping together, and did not present the old masters in the spirit in which they were written.

There are, of course, many instances in which the Russian workers produce their own music; but the music is commonplace. The interesting thing is that it is made by a worker, not that it is exceptional music. There is one spontaneous effort on the part of the workers, however, which seems to promise a music springing from the people in their time of amusement, and which would be different from any other music in the world. All over Russia the workers gather in the evening, and hold improvised theatricals: the actors devise make-shift costumes on the spur of the moment, and the dialogue is made up as they go along; the stage may be only a few boxes in a part of a room. As an accompaniment to these theatricals, there is often music, improvised to suit the actions, or the mood. The spirit of play in which the whole thing is done prevents it from being taken with immediate seriousness; nevertheless, the music I hear at these entertainments is like nothing else in the world, and contains an amazing amount of humorous aptness. Such gatherings are so far removed from pedantry of any sort that the music shows hardly a trace of scholastic influence, and seems as free as the singing of a peasant in the field. It represents a quintessence of instrumental effectiveness, and is a sort of folk-music of the Russian city.

This carefree and little-thought-of music is the most promising thing I see toward a real music of the new Russian workers.

HENRY COWELL.

Moscow.

The Cartoon Comedy

WHEN it comes to "pure cinema," "visual flow," "graphic representation," "the freedom of the cinematic medium," and all the other things learned foreign cinema enthusiasts talk about, nothing that Jannings or Lubitsch or Murnau or Greta Garbo or Rin Tin Tin can do has more than a roll of celluloid's chance in Hell beside Felix Cat and the other animated cartoons.

Not even the arrival of the talkies has changed the character of that gaily and frequently disembodied spirit we know as Felix. The sympathetic souls who arrange his phonograph record accompaniments—enabling theatre owners to post gigantic letters, "WITH SOUND," all over our main streets—have struck upon the xylophone and slide-whistle as the cartoon creation's auditory equivalent. If the little cat speaks at all, it is with an isolated and rather discreet "mew."

Unhampered by any such classical limitations as dramatic unities, or even such customary necessities as the laws of gravity, common sense, and possibility, the animated drawing is the only artistic medium ever discovered which is really "free." And this in spite of the fact that it is only an eight-minute tid-bit thrown in at the end of an epic love drama, while the audience is being changed.

Of course we have palette-knife portraits, impressionist paintings, post-impressionist paintings, cubist pottery, Ivory Soap statuary, sealing-wax medallions, bent-wire portraits, and metallurgical bas-reliefs cut from brass and aluminum sheetings. . . . But although all these methosd of relieving the inner itchings of the soul have their virtues, they are static. You contemplate a beautiful bent-wire portrait of Herbert Hoover, and that's about all there is to it. It doesn't do anything. It just sits up there on the mantel and beams at you.

But you watch an animated cartoon of Felix Cat, Krazy Kat or one of the Aesop's Fables tribe, and your imagination is immediately propelled up, down, across, around, through and in between its own legs: it is lifted dizzily to a high trapeze for a workout in a gymnasium which recognizes no physical limitations whatever.

Careening wildly through three dimensions of space—or even four or five for all I know—skating on the furthest edge of plausibility, the little black cartoon cat is undismayed by any of the facts of life which might worry a more substantial feline of fur and claws. Gaily, impertinently, he chins himself on the vacant air, hoisting himself into a world of innumerable and elastic dimensions, and limitless possibilities, in which every tree and stone has not only a potential life but a complete set of emotions.

Such solid objects as stone houses or battleships become accommodatingly flexible or even transparent; when the villain is socked, trees jump for joy, horses laugh and the sun does handsprings in the sky; when the heroine is confronted with a fate worse than death the weeping willows weep in sympathy; birds come down and offer their services as transport planes, and horses or cows very kindly turn into submarines for under-sea pursuit. When necessary, Felix's tail becomes detachable and can be used for a walking stick, a harpoon for whales, or, by means of a little stretching, as a rope for lassoing bulls, elephants or mountains, and when the job is done, the tail modestly fastens itself back in the proper place.

To give you a better notion of the freedom with which the cartoon characters slip from one element to another, it may be to the point to sketch a few of these feline scenarios.

For instance, playing in a football game, the little cat finds himself about to be overtaken by a horde of immense animals; he pulls off his ears, sticks them on his tail as the blades of a propeller, and soars away to a triumphant touchdown. At another point in the game he finds that he has equally displeased both his own and the opposing side. Diplomatically, he cuts the ball in two, gives a half to each team, and escapes before the deception is discovered.

In one of Oswald's fluid dramas, he appears as a very, very love-sick cat. His lady, however, will have none of him, and so his little heart swells up to the bursting point, standing out from his chest like a balloon. At last it does break, falling in a shower of tiny pieces at his feet. Is this the end of Oswald? Certainly not! Philosophically gathering up the scraps, he opens up a little square door in his chest, drops the pieces back in place and all is well again.

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The cartoon movie pursues itself madly over hill and dale, it passes through land, water, air, space, time and logic. It runs, flows, skips, sparkles, glides on the seat of its black, India-ink pants, nests in the holes in Swiss cheeses, wins football games, kills lions, or makes love in the most exaggerated Hollywood manner. In fact, the cartoon is often a direct satire on the type of love epic in vogue at the moment.

The ordinary film is now usually an adventure in propriety, if such a thing is possible. You, the audience, know—and with what tedious certainty—that the familiar and much-published "stars," male and female—the press agent so made he them—will survive at the end, that they will be rich and that they will be united in lawful wedlock. You even know that Virtue will triumph, that Motherhood, Religion, and the Government will triumph. You further know that the Irish, the Jews, the Baptists, the British, the French, the Christian Scientists, the Mexicans, the Osteopaths, the Chinese, and all other groups capable of supporting press agents who will send out severe letters, will be represented in a sweet and noble light. The result of all this is a pretty stiff and formal genuflection in the direction of Mohammed Will Hays' minaret.

Yes, the cartoon comedy seems to be the only pungent, impertinent, and sudden thing that ever reaches the average screen, and the little black cat bouncing about in his fantastic cosmos, one of the few sparks of vitality in a world of insistent proprieties. CREIGHTON PEET.

The Feasting of Maionides and Stephen Daedalus[1]

For the credit's sake of a blind cook,
Folded, buttered, and meek they lie,
Flat as the pages in a book,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds to the pie.
A nameless fowler of Phoenicia slew them;
The Greek Maionides can bake and do them.

He that sat smiling at the board
A king was, and the world was young.
That king's company were of strong
Digestion, and they loved their lord,
And counted each an excellent thing,
To fight furiously, and hear birds sing.
A dainty dish now sat before the king.

They courteously by ranks reclined
And praised the pie's devout expansion.
With bright cheeks delicately wined
They waited. By the vertical dimension
The pie was opened. Oh, the magical birds,
They were alive, they had wings, they had words!

The sea-green air with flashing jet
They jewelled, and with instant whir
That made its sleeping thunder stir.
But soon they perched on each high fret
Transmuting the roofed cavern to a choir
From which the song came flaming like a fire.

Majestical was the music heard
By king and company that dined.
They praised Maionides the blind
For every marvelous god-bird
Of whom he caught and fettered the bird-wind.

For hearing how the world was bodied
Of myrtle grove and rocky plain
Where gods and demigods and men
Dallied and fought; of streams unmuddied
Where many ships with purple sails could go;
Of heavens bright above and Hades dark below;

Even of trouble taking noble joy;
Achilles, the blond sulking boy,
And many another wide in fame
Falling most hollowly, playing out their Troy—
The feasters went out better than they came,
Saying of life and death, they equal bore good name.

Maionides is gone. And Daedalus
Prepares the feast of the immortal birds.
Alas, it seems to us
They jangle sibilants and surds
Harsh, obscene, opprobrious.
Is this your mocking art, O Stephen?
The fiends requite you then, and make it even.

Pale banqueters though we be, and bilious,
Praying those proper kings' desserts
Impassion our enfeebled hearts,
Shall we let Stephen willy-nilly us
To hear a song dispirited as thought,
And no bird singing clearly as he ought?

But ah! suppose the birds that sing
Have tired of flying from a string,
Wearied of immortal song
Which shall not swell again to strong,
And sunken into whimpering
And the despair of a tired tongue?

Down sit we, small of appetite;
The pie is opened; out the creatures rush
And flutter pitiful in the cold light;
They sing a little, but had better hush;
For all the gods have vanished in the cold,
And Troy is fallen, and the world is old;
A bitter tale, and better far untold.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

[1] Who are the four-and-twenty blackbirds celebrated in the old rhyme? The answer is very clear: they are the letters of the Greek alphabet, the cause of all our Western learning, fashioned variously into songs after the skill of the contrivers who impress and manage them. Of all the ancient practitioners of this art, Maionides is considered the grandest, claimed by seven cities after his death, who during his life was homeless and a wanderer. And Stephen Daedalus is said to be the most formidable of the moderns in the line of succession. But how mockingly has he taken unto himself the name: Stephanos Daidalos, the true Contriver wearing the Crown! And what a change has come over the pastry-profession in the meantime! Evidently the blackbirds that used to sing like meadowlarks and nightingales have made up their minds to play crows and sullen rooks, and even realistical birds of worser obscenity.—THE AUTHOR.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Plea for Non-Violence

SIR: Labor's victory in England, of course, allays apprehension regarding the aftermath of the Simon Commission's blunders in India. Though Gandhi's consent to lead India in "civil disobedience" (specifically, non-payment of taxes), if at the close of the current year governmental promises remain unfulfilled, was conditioned on complete Indian non-violence, it was denounced in England as "criminal impatience, stupidity, fanaticism," since "it is a physical impossibility for the Commission's report to be analyzed before that date." Labor's denial of such "impossibility," however, greatly reduces the likelihood of a crisis.

But to an increasing number of thinkers throughout the world a crucial aspect of India's problem appears of more than local significance. Many Hindus believe that Gandhi stresses non-violence to a degree detrimental to India's future. His refusal to coerce, physically, mentally; his invariable appeal to, and reliance on, human intelligence rather than muscles, is inherent, however, in his insistence that integrity of character is fundamental in translation of ethics into event, circumstance—that no revolution can be integrated by mere seizure of power; coercion is futile rather than "wicked"—the impact of force on psychologic dissent and ignorance, invariably resulting in confusion and hostility. To the plea that ground may once be cleared by "disinterested, impersonal slaughter of opponents to progress, in unselfish devotion to the common good," Gandhi asks reasonably what lasting *human* value can result from the mere replacement of one murder by another? Terrorism, force, duplicity, are not weapons of the strong, the confident, but of the weak and near-sighted. Violence breeds violence as surely as cabbage seed sprouts cabbages, not turnips, or turtledoves. We cannot sow brutality and reap humaneness. It is easier to fight than to think because we developed claws so long before experimenting nature specialized on the human brain-tool; every time we lapse back to claw-level we debase and betray what little has reached mind-level. The brawn-and-claw method is out-dated, proving a factor in disintegration rather than preservation of any element distinctively human. Though to the atavistic claw-instinct of many of us non-violence still seems as fantastic as might a pre-Marconi suggestion of wireless, Gandhi insists that the higher level of intelligence it connotes, its advance in mental technique, will eventually prove as reasonable and practicable in the inevitable line of human progress.

It is not a matter of sentimentality or piety, but of sound common sense, the clear vision of an intelligence distinctively, creatively, human. Non-violence is by no means a passive state, but a dynamically active one, connoting a virility far in advance of that required for physical resistance or coercion, its power essentially of that inner citadel of conviction that moves the scientist, the "adventurer of the spirit," on whatever path. For those of us who have once seen, in India, the creative, transforming force of this great adventure, this "experiment with truth," it must always seem the most reasonable of all possible roads to human freedom.

E. HARLAN.

New York City.

Negroes and the Democratic Primaries

SIR: Your paragraph concerning a recent decision of the Federal Court in Norfolk, Virginia, on the constitutionality of the Democratic primary rule which restricts participation in the primaries of that party to white citizens, expresses, I think, a hope which is doomed to be blasted by the Appellate Court.

Judge Groner has decided that this discrimination against the Negro citizens is unconstitutional. He has, apparently, accepted a somewhat similar Texas decision as precedent without conceiving that the difference between a state law and a party ruling establishes entirely different and unrelated legal values.

The Virginia party rule cannot prevent the nomination, by Negroes, of their own candidate. Nor does it prevent Negro Democrats (if there be any) from organizing their own party functions. It merely says that the lily white Democratic party shall have lily white primaries, no matter how soiled one may become in his coming vote-gathering contest with the rejuvenated Republicans.

Thus, since the primaries may, I believe, be classed as club activities, the incorporation of severe Jim Crow etiquette into the by-laws of the club cannot properly be construed as unconstitutional.

The treatment of the two "dark" amendments in the coming gubernatorial election when the Democratic regulars face the "cannon" of the anti-Smith-Republican coalition should prove interesting.

Washington, D. C. JAMES S. HEATH, JR.

The Seven Arts

SIR: It is not often that a more striking illustration of the evanescence of fame and the falsification of history by contemporaries has been furnished than is done by the writer of your encomium of The Dial and The Little Review in your issue of July 17, 1929. It is sad to think that, especially in the editorial sanctum of The New Republic, The Seven Arts and its founders and first editors, James Oppenheim and Waldo Frank, already have passed into oblivion.

The Seven Arts was launched in 1926. Its purpose was to do the pioneer work which you have credited to The Dial and The Little Review; and in furtherance thereof it assembled and introduced to American readers not only the writers whom you have named, but also, *inter alia,* Romain Rolland, Randolph Bourne, Louis Untermeyer, John Reed, John Dewey, Robert Frost, Leo Stein, Marsden Hartley. . . .

JULIUS J. FRANK.

Hot Springs, Va.

A Protest

SIR: I wish to protest about some of the slip-shod reviews we are being treated to, in The New Republic these days. Within the last few weeks there have been three particularly silly reviews —those of Alice Mary Kimball's "The Devil Is a Woman," Powys' "Wolf Solent," and of Henry Williamson's "The Pathway."

Others have written already about the first two mentioned, and I agree with their criticism of those reviews. I think the review—signed by C. A. C.—of Williamson's "The Pathway," is even more sophomoric. Mr Williamson is a writer of exquisite prose; he has been called the successor of Hudson and of Hardy; his "Tarka the Otter" won the Hawthornden Prize in England last year. His novel, both for its artistry and its ideas, is one that I had rather expected to see reviewed at some length in The New Republic, and with some appreciation and intelligence, for Williamson in himself and in his observation of life represents so much that The New Republic has championed.

I cannot understand how such a silly review (even if it were of Ethel M. Dell, instead of a serious artist) could get past a New Republic editor. It starts out by calling the book a bad novel, and then proceeds, in the favorite trick of the hack review, to telescope plot, character, etc., in a burlesque summary. One wonders what C. A. C. would have said of Hudson's "The Purple Land" or Hardy's "Under a Greenwood Tree," or a Tolstoy novel, or "The Brothers Karamazov,"—it would be just as critical and just as sensible to say of any of them what your reviewer says of "The Pathway": "Into a tale which covers one year of middle-class family life on the coast of Devon, Mr. Williamson has tossed about everything he could lay hands on."

Seeing such a stupid review in The New Republic is something of a shock; one expects to find intelligent discussion of books; one expects to disagree frequently, of course, but certainly not on such a low level as this.

COLEY TAYLOR.

New York City.

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Maurois on Biography

Aspects of Biography, by André Maurois. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 208 pages. $2.

"HE who can, does; he who cannot, teaches." The full force of this epigram was revealed when Professor Foch, teacher of the art of war, was called upon to *do,* and *did.* Maurois *can,* and he also teaches. The man who wrote this little book is by profession a textile manufacturer, but he is also the author of "Ariel" and "Disraeli." He has all the scholarliness of an Oxford or Cambridge don, with here and there a sparkle of Parisian wit. Of pedantry, not a trace.

We rather like to think in triads, and the words "the new biography" almost invariably call up the three names Maurois-Strachey-Ludwig. To Lytton Strachey, Maurois pays, not a chance tribute, but an almost continuous one; Ludwig he does not mention at all. For this omission, he has an excellent excuse: he borrows his examples exclusively from English biography. But it would be well to disrupt this highly artificial trinity. Maurois and Strachey belong together, as scholars, artists and gentlemen; and they would heartily welcome the company of Harold Nicolson. Ludwig has different virtues. We admire him sincerely, just as we are genuinely impressed by the fecundity, resourcefulness and zest of Mr. Edgar Wallace. There are few articles in the literary trade that are better substitutes for art than Ludwig's, and few that better deserve their material success. Ludwig has his reward, which no one will grudge him. Now let us return to literature.

In a series of six lectures, delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, Maurois examines "Modern Biography," "Biography as a Work of Art," "Biography Considered as a Science," "Biography as a Means of Expression," "Autobiography," and "Biography and the Novel." The book has a dramatic unity rare in collections of essays. It is the story of a quest—the quest for psychological truth. And the quest is baffled in the end: the human personality remains a mystery. We never *know,* scientifically speaking, either ourselves or anybody else. But in the effort, we may find much tonic delight.

The "new biography"! Certainly there is a little outward resemblance between the work of Maurois, Strachey, Harold Nicolson, St. John Ervine (whose "Parnell" has not reaped its full deserts), and the nineteenth-century two- or three-volume conglomerate monuments which, as literature, correspond to the Albert Memorial among architectural monstrosities. Yet we cannot dismiss the "old" biography without a word of affectionate regret. Loose, conventional, pompous, partial, it too frequently was; but, in the best examples, it enabled you, slowly, thoroughly, irresistibly, to get acquainted with your hero. The quick tempo, the sharp ironical tone of the modern product hardly afford similar chances. The first characteristic of the new biography is that it is artistic: not a mere mass of documents in chronological order, but an interpretative portrait. And it is not laudatory: indeed, a spice of irony is considered an essential ingredient. But how *new* is this "new biography"? It goes back to 1907, says Harold Nicolson; to 1910, suggests Virginia Woolf. In English literature, perhaps—and yet Froude's brief "Disraeli" is as unlike Monypenny and Buckle as you could imagine. But what about France?

In France, the new biography is hoary; its recent success in England simply means the triumph of a French tradition and a French technique. The delightful series of "Great French Writers," under the editorship of Jusserand, contains many volumes which, for artistic finish, crispness, liveliness, left nothing to be desired. "The Life of Victor Cousin" by Jules Simon, for instance, out-Stracheyed Strachey at a time when Strachey was still a schoolboy. Beyond that, shall we not call Renan's "Life of Jesus," especially in the popular edition, an outstanding example of romanced biography? And what about the innumerable portraits of that greatest master of "psychography," Sainte-Beuve? Strachey himself would go still further back, to the "Eulogies" of Fontenelle.

Modern biography, according to Maurois, gets away from the false "Life and Times" ideal. It does not attempt to mingle general history with individual developments. "The *Life of Queen Victoria*" is emphatically not the history of her reign, nor is Dizzy's dazzling romance synonymous with his political career. Ludwig likewise promised to give us the *man* Napoleon, just as Renan had attempted to show us the man Jesus. The effort, praiseworthy no doubt, can never be completely successful. Most of the documents we have about prominent characters relate to their public careers: in the case of authors, their works, their relations with publishers, critics, disciples, admirers, rivals; in the case of statesmen, official speeches and correspondence. The man, the individual man, absurdly sensitive to trifles, with his headaches and his heartaches, remains almost unrecorded.

The personage important enough to be "biographed" is he who "plays a part in the world": Maurois rightly insists upon the implications of that illuminating expression No one can appear on the public stage without becoming something of an actor. Take away from the biography o almost any worthy all that which is career rather tha personality, all that which depends upon opportunities an recognition, all that which is a symbol of collective forces all that which is more or less wilful pose—and the remnan will be very scant indeed. Ludwig, in spite of his promises gives us very little that is Napoleon the man. We know Napoleon always as general, consul, emperor, fallen Titan that is to say as a public character. Thackeray's triptych remains an apt symbol: "Ludovicus Rex" in all his magnificence; "Rex" the gorgeous regalia; "Ludovicus" a creature of sagging flesh and rotten teeth, incredibly mediocre in heart and mind. Even with the help of a Saint Simon, it is not always easy to get at the Ludovicus; and is it worth while?

In attempting to sketch a "Plutarch: or the Future of Biography," Maurois recognizes that the present ironical mood is a passing fashion. It is the result of our skepticism. We do not judge, because we have lost every standard by which we could judge. So we follow all manifestations of life with amused equanimity. "We shall come once more," he goes on to say, "into periods of social and religious certainty in which few intimate biographies will be written, and panegyrics will take their place." It may be so: the prophet's trade is perilous. We might also move away from hero-worship altogether. We might divorce history—the study of vast, slow, collective, anonymous processes—from biography, the study of the evanescent, the unique, the unrepeatable. Then the *intimate* biography of an emperor will be of no greater intrinsic interest than that of the least of his subjects. Such was already the tendency of Sainte-Beuve, who actually preferred the study of obscure personages to that of the more obvious protagonists. Interest in individual life will not wane; but it will not be governed by mere external significance. In other forms of literary art, the prejudice long prevailed that the heroes must be of exalted station; today we discover tragedy

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in the fate of a farm laborer no less than in the life of Agamemnon, King of Kings. The same process will be applied to biography; any "human document" will serve. The last artificial link between biography and history (literary or political) will be severed: the life of John Doe will be made as entrancing as that of Lord Beaconsfield.

But this may not invalidate Maurois' conclusion: "A well written life is a much rarer thing than a well spent one. But, however difficult biography may be, it merits the devotion of our toil and of our emotions. The cult of the hero is as old as mankind. It sets before men examples which are lofty but not inaccessible, astonishing but not incredible, and it is this double quality which makes it the most convincing of art forms and the most human of religions." True: but the "plain man" may be found to be a hero.

We have barely touched upon the high points of this most suggestive book, packed with thought, information and epigram. We may add that the style is worthy of the contents. M. Maurois delivered the lectures in English but rewrote them in French; "and" he adds, "Mr. Roberts was good enough to translate this revised version into English." May we slightly twist this courteous statement and then endorse it? Yes, Mr. Sydney Castle Roberts was "good enough"; and in the case of such a literary gem, this is no faint praise. ALBERT GUÉRARD.

Rehabilitating Johnson

Andrew Johnson. A Study in Courage, by Lloyd Paul Stryker. New York: the Macmillan Company. 881 pages. $6.

JAMES K. POLK, who knew Andrew Johnson in Tennessee and in Washington, wrote of him nearly twenty years before he became President: "He is very vindictive, and perverse in his temper and conduct." Whatever we say in his defence, this element in his character cannot be ignored. Though aroused for ends that were usually right, his rancorous spirit and obstinate temper cost the republic dear. We are in the midst of a reappraisal of Johnson, his opponents, and his measures, which has now produced two full biographies of the man, with at least three others in the course of preparation. But the verdict long since returned by such sympathetic writers as W. A. Dunning and W. L. Fleming will not be greatly modified. The real indictment of Johnson is not that he was wrong. That his main policies were sound, and that in the momentous issue between him and the Radicals he was almost wholly right, there can be no doubt. The real indictment is that, being right and having at the outset a majority of the Northern people on his side, he managed his cause so blunderingly and ill-temperedly, he showed so little ability to compromise, and was so maladroit in dealing with public opinion, that he lost his fight. Lincoln would have fought as stern a battle with Thaddeus Stevens and Sumner, but Lincoln would have shown dexterous tact, would have let his enemies make the blunders, and by carrying majority opinion with him would, there can be little doubt, have won the main issue.

Mr. Stryker has treated Johnson's public career, and especially his part in the reconstruction, with unprecedented detail. There are nearly 900 pages here: more than 600 go to the four years of his presidency. The book is based on an exhaustive study of the sources, it is accurate as to fact, and much of it is vividly written. The narrative current is too often checked by needless digressions, but such chapters as those on the impeachment trial make a stirring story. But it is not in the true historical temper. Mr. Stryker acts as an attorney for the defence whose chief object is to sway the jury by harsh attacks on the prosecution. He goes to extraordinary lengths in his process of exonerating Johnson by abusing Ben Wade, Stevens, and their followers. He compares the radical Congressmen addressed by Stevens to a "longshoreman's saloon where some great bully bleary-eyed held the floor evoking the ribald guffaws of his submissive listeners." He writes of Stevens's followers as "mad dogs, showing their poison fangs and attacking furtively from every side and from the rear." He calls Ben Butler "this poltroon, vain braggart, shyster lawyer and corruptionist, this great resounding paunch." Every fact to the discredit of the Radical leaders is brought in, whether it belongs to the narrative or not—Sumner's unhappy marriage, Stevens' gambling, Butler's insults to women. Old Gideon Welles wrote in similar terms, but Welles had a participant's excuse for high feeling. Mr. Stryker, like Johnson, would have been more effective if he had omitted the epithets and let the acts and speeches of these men speak for themselves.

It is not so important now to attack the wrong side as to try to understand both sides. From a reading of this partisan book we can understand only Johnson's case. He inherited Lincoln's wise and merciful policy of reconstruction, and was encouraged by Lincoln's Cabinet to put it into effect; he inherited also Lincoln's enemies. A one-time Democrat, a Southerner, a former slaveholder, he could rise as easily as Lincoln above the sectional animosities of the war. Like Lincoln, he loved the Union and the whole Union, and wished to see it restored quickly. His hard early life and lack of training explain his grim determination, and they also explain the ungovernable temper, the fierceness over non-essentials, and the recklessness of tongue which were his undoing. But the radicals had their side also, and whatever we think of coarse fellows like Wade and Butler, such men as Sumner and Stevens were sincere according to their lights. They felt the bitterness of four years of blood, agony, and superhuman toil. They believed it indispensable to "consolidate" their victory; otherwise they feared the Negroes would be quickly reduced to virtual slavery by trickery and force—a fear to which the "black codes" gave all too much support. They feared that an alliance of the Southern states with the Northern Democrats might even in 1868 place the hated enemies of the Union in control of the government—and for this fear, in view of the way Horatio Seymour swept New York, there was also support. They had respected Lincoln, and Sumner had admired him; but they had nothing but disrespect and distrust for Johnson. Mr. Stryker's excuse for Johnson's tipsiness when he was sworn in as Vice-President is valid. But there is no excuse for the speech he made from the White House portico on Feb. 22, 1866, when he assailed his enemies as traitors and assassins, or for some of the subsequent displays which cost him the confidence of reflective men and confirmed the radicals in their belief in his incapacity.

Mr. Stryker's heavily documented and genuinely valuable book justifies his subtitle, "A study in courage"; it justifies his statement that Johnson "fought Lincoln's fight." But what a misfortune for the South that the courage was not united with more wisdom, and that the Tennessee tailor-politician who nourished his youthful mind on the British orators never mastered Burke's principle of the indispensable utility, within due limits, of compromise! It is not quite enough for a statesman to be right and to be courageous—he must also know how to win.

ALLAN NEVINS.

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Lycidas and Thanatopsis

The Winged Horse Anthology, edited by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

THE Winged Horse Anthology" is intended, so its editors announce, for readers "genuinely craving the best poetry and only that." Personally I cannot be sure of belonging to this admirable category of readers. Do I crave the best poetry at all times, genuinely, or am I often forced to accept it in spite of myself? Can the best be unerringly chosen by any two anthologists? Or, granting that they have succeeded in this feat, should we praise them for announcing selections from Milton and Shakespeare in language they might well have used in advertising the latest creation of General Motors?

These are questions that assail me on reading their brief introduction. Let us dismiss these doubts. Let us assume that I have decided to obey that impulse, to ask the man who owns one, to walk a mile to a book shop and demand the genuine Winged Horse brand of best poems from a clerk imbued with the ideal of service. What if he insists on offering me a substitute? What if he produces, for example, "The Oxford Book of English Verse" and asks me to choose between the two anthologies?

They cover about the same field and their primary purpose is almost the same. However, since one of them was completed in 1900 and the other late this spring, they are certain to differ in more than one respect. A number of poets have risen to prominence during the intervening years; others have been effectually forgotten; and the general attitude toward certain periods of English literature has changed by slow degrees. To compile a new anthology, model 1929, embodying a number of basic improvements, is by no means a superfluous task. It is a task, moreover, for which Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill are eminently suited by their careful training, long experience, and—what is it?—consummate craftsmanship. . . . I somehow can't help speaking in advertising terms. And I can't refrain from adding that besides their many distinguished qualities, they have something else besides: they have a secondary purpose, a characteristically American desire to uplift their readers, a veiled didacticism which sometimes interferes with their pure appreciation of poetic masterpieces.

In the introduction, they discuss their aims and achievements without humility. "We think it is the best kind of anthology for all people," they say, "and especially for those who are beginning to read poetry. . . . 'The Winged Horse Anthology' completes the work we attempted of bringing poetry closer to modern readers, young and old." They are like professors in a lecture room, speaking down from a high platform. They are very solicitous of their audience—which, to judge from the decorations for the present volume, is composed of people who believe that poetry has something to do with lyres, butterflies, fauns in breech-clouts, and buxom wood-nymphs discreetly nude. It is an audience eager for self-improvement, but it lacks training; it must be handled gingerly. . . .

I could give several examples of the method followed by the editors; I could point to the fact that they devote the same space to Stephen Vincent Benét and William Butler Yeats (or exactly two-sevenths of the space devoted to Vachel Lindsay); I could praise their treatment of William Morris and question the wisdom of their including familiar scenes from Shakespeare's plays, but instead I shall merely discuss the case of "Lycidas" and "Thanatopsis."

The first is almost universally accepted as one of the best English poems; the second is not. The first is full of allusions which are very difficult for untrained readers; it is very often quoted, but has never really been popular. The second has always been a favorite with the sort of audience for which the present anthology is intended. I cannot believe that the editors regard it very highly, and yet they have compromised. They have included half of "Lycidas," and incidentally the less interesting half; they have also included half of "Thanatopsis." In this manner, they have succeeded in combining the advantages of both with the disadvantages of neither. They have risked offending those who prefer their Milton unabridged and their Bryant abridged completely, but these futile enthusiasts can well be disregarded. This is an age of imposing façades, of culture spread thin, of people who genuinely crave the best poetry in tabloid form, along with the best in sports wear and bathroom fixtures. For such readers, "The Winged Horse Anthology" can be highly recommended. For others, whose tastes are humbler, there is still "The Oxford Book of English Verse."

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Labor and Religion

Labor Speaks for Itself on Religion, edited by Jerome Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company. 265 pages. $2.

IN "Labor Speaks for Itself on Religion" Jerome Davis as editor has brought together in a single volume the views of some thirty-one labor leaders from a dozen different countries. A symposium covering such a wide range of opinion in the ranks of labor would of necessity be varied and conflicting. It is a far cry from the frankly atheistic position of one extreme, that "religion is the opium of the people," to the declaration of Arthur Henderson, the Labor Secretary for Foreign Affairs of Great Britain, that "there is no antagonism, no conflict, no inherent fundamental divergence between the aims and aspirations of Labor and the ideals and purposes of religion, no essential difference or disharmony between labor's conception of human arrangements and the Christian conception of God's Kingdom on earth."

If the picture as to where Labor stands on religion is not clear-cut it is because Labor is not, in its entirety, either for or against the Church and religion. Practically all of the writers, even those sympathetic to the Church, are critical of the Church's failure to aid Labor fully in its struggle to better the economic and social conditions of the masses. Many of the writers make a distinction between religion and the Church.

A large part of the book is devoted to the views of American Labor—The American Federation of Labor—and others. William Green says: "The American labor movement believes in religion and the Church. It does not attack spiritual forces, but supports them. It realizes, however, that some churches and some church members fail to comprehend and appreciate problems of labor which are closely related to the questions of humanity, justice and religion." On the other hand, James P. Thompson of the I. W. W. baldly states that the established Church has always been on the side of the rich and powerful. While James Maurer criticizes the clergy in their opposition or indifference to social legislation designed to aid the poor and

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oppressed, he pays tribute to the worth and activity of "a few clergymen like Father John A. Ryan, Reverend Bolgers and several others who tried to help." James Simpson, Canadian, believes that both the Church and Labor have departed at times from their high ideals as they grappled with the realities, and that they should be tolerant when such apparent lapses occur.

The limitation of space has made the contributions from other countries fewer. From continental Europe the anti-clerical note is louder; but, in the main, European and American Labor's views on religion are apparently much alike.

Whether or not the expressions of these leaders on the subject of religion correctly and adequately portray the feelings of the rank and file is another question. Undoubtedly they do point out tendencies. The conclusion one gets from reading the book is that though Labor on the whole is not anti-religious, at times and in spots it is severely critical of the Church. It is interesting to note that, where the Church has actively thrown its efforts in behalf of Labor on some important issue, kind words are freely given, and appreciation of the work of such church organizations as the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the Conference of American Rabbis finds its place in the book.

JOHN BROPHY.

Pastures of Wonder

Pastures of Wonder: The Realm of Mathematics and the Realm of Science, by Cassius Jackson Keyser. New York: Columbia University Press. 200 pages. $2.75.

PROFESSOR KEYSER'S latest book does not, as do some of his earlier works, presuppose any knowledge of mathematics, for its thorough enjoyment. Neither, indeed, does the section (or "Realm," a term with unfortunate connotations in these Ku Klux days) devoted to science require any special scientific knowledge for full appreciation of the argument advanced. It is enough that the reader have an interest in clear and logical thinking and expression. The book is quite devoid of technical language, mathematical or scientific.

What the volume *is* rich in is novel and intellectually stimulating suggestions and challenges, shocking, doubtless, to some readers. For example: the term "science" has not heretofore been defined; Dr. Keyser proceeds to define it accurately. Mathematics is excluded from the domain of science, but philosophy enters it. On the other hand,

> Innumerable so-called mathematical propositions—such, for example, as those constituting the arithmetic of the counting-house and the geometry of the carpenter—are not mathematical, but are strictly scientific in even the [imagined adverse] critic's sense of scientific, for they were discovered and established by observation and experiment long before mathematics succeeded (only recently) in deducing them for postulates. . . . That a mathematical proposition, though employed in, say, a physical or biological research, is not a physics or a biology proposition and cannot be authentically asserted as such, but only as a tool employed [may be maintained, because, for one thing] a mathematical proposition merely asserts an implication between two propositional forms, regardless of content.

Sheer mathematics is "form without content," independent of what is peculiar to any form of subject-matter, but applicable to all kinds—"available, that is, in every field of thought."

Inasmuch as mathematics and science cannot be defined fundamentally in terms of their respective methods, it becomes necessary to define them in the terms of the *propositional* types with which they are respectively concerned. For this reason Professor Keyser begins his essay on "The Realm of Mathematics" with a study of propositions, and "the great relation of Implication, which often serves to bind a host of propositions into a logically organic autonomous whole, system, or doctrine."

There are two great, and mutually exclusive, basic types of propositions—the one (mathematical) being purely hypothetical, the other (scientific), categorical. The categorical type asserts that such-and-such is the case. The hypothetical states merely that *if* such-and-such supposable things were actual, then such-and-such other things would, of necessity, follow. Thus the knowledge-seeking activity of man desires categorical answers or definitions wherewith to describe the actual world; whereas mathematics is concerned with the quest for hypotheticals to describe the world of possibility. Mathematics does not constitute a science, because it is concerned with hypotheticals of the *if-then* type. It is founded on recognition of implications, for "without implication, hypothetical propositions would be meaningless—they would not even exist."

The basic distinction between saying that a proposition is true, and saying that it is established, is pointed out in a clarifying discussion. Incidentally, mathematical symbols (however indispensable to the progress of mathematics) are shown not to be essential to the existence of mathematics. The current terms, "pure" and "applied" mathematics, are misnomers.

Ideals, though they can never be achieved, are the chief factors in the progress of civilization. One of these ideals is "the concept of a logically perfect language."

Thus far these bomb-shells, however violent to the orthodox, seem to hit their mark. When it comes to including philosophy in the domain of contemporary science, Dr. Keyser seems to me less fortunate in his aim. I cannot see how philosophy can give a "categorical" solution to any concrete problem; whereas we must all admit that science has succeeded many times in so doing. To Keyser, philosophy is, today (whatever it may have been in the past), concerned with the establishment of categorical propositions. The fact that some philosophers have depended too much upon ratiocination is beside the point; they "are numerically matched in 'scientific' circles by mere fact-gatherers neglecting interpretation."

> Rightly understood, a laboratory exists wherever *thinking* occurs, wherever a human being observes, identifies, remembers, imagines, conceives, discriminates, compares, analyzes, combines, reasons and judges; and when the thinking aims, consciously or unconsciously, to establish some categorical proposition respecting no matter what subject-matter or aspect of the world, the laboratory ought to be regarded as a scientific one.

Readers whose mental fontanels are not yet hermetically sealed will find enormous stimulation in a writer so vivid and awakening. When Dr. Keyser became Adrian Professor Emeritus of Mathematics at Columbia he did not retire into "innocuous desuetude"—his greatest service to American thought was just beginning.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

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Mrs. Abraham Lincoln

Mary, Wife of Lincoln, by her niece, Katherine Helm. New York: Harper and Brothers. 309 pages. $5.

WHILE, on the side of scholarly research, the past year has produced, in the late Senator Beveridge's work, the most important contribution to Lincoln biography ever issued, there have been other events which the student must regard with some misgiving. The market value of new Lincoln material appears, today, to be so great that an American monthly magazine of the first standing has been unable to wait for undeniable proof before publishing what, to many serious and unprejudiced scholars, appear to be letters and documents of very questionable authenticity. And a lady who is related to Mr. Lincoln by a marriage in her mother's family is the author of a book which inspires almost as little confidence.

The biographical sketch of Mary Todd Lincoln recently issued by Harper's is the work of Miss Katherine Helm, daughter of a sister of Mrs. Lincoln. This book is described on the title page as, "The true story of Mary, Wife of Lincoln, containing the recollections of Mary Lincoln's sister Emilie (Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm), extracts from her war-time diary, numerous letters and other documents now first published."

While it is easy to understand the desire of a member of Mrs. Lincoln's family to correct what she believes to be the public's false and unfair estimate of her relative, it is not easy to understand how a publisher of high standing could be willing to put forward a work which is very far from being as advertised. There are letters and messages in the book which have presumably not been published before, but as far as Abraham Lincoln is concerned they are certainly negligible. And it seems plain that, as far as conversations, comments and judgments are concerned, Miss Helm's book is purely a work of fiction, and rather undistinguished fiction at that. The author gives absolutely no authority for what she introduces in many places as direct quotations from Lincoln and others, which seem to bear the imprint of Miss Helm's own style.

Mrs. Lincoln's niece shows us in her tale a sprightly woman, extravagant, foolish, headstrong, and, though educated, verging on the vulgar in the sense of setting too much store by the pretensions of position, property and social usage. That Mrs. Lincoln had a very hard time and suffered more than human beings can suffer without showing themselves to be either truly great or pitifully small, has never been doubted. Even though Miss Helm resorts to a stacking of the cards which would get any poker player shot in his chair, she does not manage to make her heroine appear in the better light.

As a sample of the value of Miss Helm's biographical judgment may be cited the fact that she considers conclusive her mother's denial of the report that a marriage between Lincoln and Mary Todd had been arranged for January 1, 1841, in Springfield, Illinois, in spite of the truth that her mother was, on that date, living in Kentucky, where she was generally known to be three years old. Miss Helm considers that Lincoln's behavior, marriage or no marriage, on that occasion, cannot have been as is believed, because such behavior would be a "reflection upon a noble man." Furthermore, Miss Helm believes that Herndon was not sincere in his friendship for Lincoln, and she believes that it is a misfortune that Lincoln's letters to Speed were made public. The name of Ann Rutledge does not appear in this book.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

Mary Webb

The House in Dormer Forest, by Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Seven for a Secret, by Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Poems and the Spring of Joy, by Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

MARY WEBB, who died recently in England, has received the praise of many of her fellow-writers, and of Stanley Baldwin, one-time premier of England and like her, a native of Shropshire. Her novels, poems and nature essays, the last published under the title of "The Spring of Joy," have been collected in a uniform edition. "Precious Bane" is her best known novel; the two novels at hand are less well known, but serve to show her quality as a writer.

The scene of the novels is Shropshire; the characters are those of traditional rural England, with the emphasis laid on farmers and squires in a small way, rather than on the gentry. The convention is the inescapable and well worn set of rules and pressures that has shaped novels of English farm-life without number: the rigid outmoded feudal sieve that sifts out as a matter of course young farm wenches betrayed, young sons of the family who succeed or fail in marrying out of station, dour old domestics, gently-bred evil-hearted ladies, and grandmothers cantankerous with religion and money in the bank. To this array of oddities and anachronisms, Mrs. Webb added pure, passionate cowmen-shepherds, in love with the master's frivolous daughter, gypsies, mutes, rascally gaffers and mystic simpletons. These people live in a landscape alternately beneficent and sinister; they eat a series of elaborate knife-and-fork teas, in unnaturally clean and quaint kitchens; they go to fairs, enjoy nature, commit murder, marry bigamously, and are rescued from suicide. Mrs. Webb wrote them down with gusto and a sly sense of humor, and with a good ear for a dialect as musical and flowing as that of Synge's Western Islanders. She had an excellent gift of narrative, if a rather meager gift of invention.

It was in her style, and in her approach to nature, that approach which has won most praise from her admirers, that she failed. Her style has glamor, in the most invidious sense of that word: it deals in words like *ethereal, immemorial, essences,* and *faery;* it queers and colors, softens and points up but does little toward making clear. Thus, although Mrs. Webb's feeling for natural objects was intense and her observation of them often surprisingly microscopic, she was never content to deal with them in their context, but must shuttle them back and forth in analogies to objects of art and culture: "hedges of the blue, Gobelin tapestry" of "the pollen grain of chicory—an outer and inner hexagon united by rays—is a rose-window in a shrine of lapis-lazuli." Her feeling for the earth and its fruits was deep and sincere, but she must laugh laughter for it, and weep tears. She could not, like Thoreau, stomach evidences of nature's vigorous depravity; her "impression of universal innocence" was based on the faulty premise of universal love. For this reason, the sounds, colors and scents described in "The Spring of Joy," with much genuine personal emotion, cover over, rather than lay bare, the reality they are meant to evoke.

Her poetry escapes the worst defects of her prose; it is gentle, delicate, and tender, but unfortunately, since poetry has need of sources as savage and cruel as the nature that Mrs. Webb misapprehended, these quiet attributes are not enough.

LOUISE BOGAN.

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Notes on Novels

War, by Ludwig Renn. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

ALAS, how capricious is fame, or how careless of her accolade! Here is a book more complete, no less graphic, than that enormous seller, "All Quiet on the Western Front." And yet we feel safe in prophesying that "War" will sell only a few paltry hundred thousands, at the outside. Like Herr Remarque's novel, this book is written in the form of a German infantryman's diary. But whereas "All Quiet" takes in only a section of the War's last years, Herr Renn begins with the day of mobilization, and ends with the end of the War. It is true that a panorama cannot give as intense an effect as a narrower canvas. But the difference between these two truthful accounts is more than a difference of scope. We believe in both; both (if we are wise), have made us stop and think; but Herr Renn has not, as his predecessor has done, pierced through our minds and shaken our hearts.

The Green Parrot, by Princess Marthe Bibesco. Translated by Malcolm Cowley. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

PRINCESS BIBESCO is an accomplished writer. Her latest novel, as usual, does her credit. The central figure is a younger daughter of a Russian family, in voluntary exile in France (it is before the days of the Russian Revolution). The only son of the family has died, and his parents increasingly neglect the other children in the cult of his memory. A green parrot which the daughter sees and passionately desires becomes for her the symbol of happiness—time and again it is almost within her grasp, and at last she captures it, when it has lost its power to console her. Princess Bibesco is an accomplished writer; but the vein which is really her own, as she showed in "Catherine-Paris," is more in the nature of gossip than tragedy. There is no gossip in this book.

No Love, by David Garnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

DAVID GARNETT has come a long way from "Lady into Fox," but he has not noticeably changed his direction. His earlier writings were acclaimed as fantasies, when as a matter of fact he was writing not so much fantastically as artificially (or artistically, if you prefer the world). He has now left the realms of doubtful fable far behind, but his method has not so much changed as developed. His present book is as realistic (and as artificial) as a French novel. Roger Lydiate, son of an English bishop, marries the daughter of a free-thinker. They are very advanced, for the eighties, and retire to an island near Southampton to live a peaceful life. Their solitude is invaded first by children and then by neighbors, the Kelties. Their sons become friends, grow up; the War comes; Simon Keltie marries, and Benedict Lydiate falls in love with his wife. When the War is over, Simon's wife deserts him and her son; he refuses to give her a divorce; and the final scene is a strained meeting between the two erstwhile friends, who are growing into a crabbed middle age, but still think bitterly and longingly of the woman they had once possessed. If you think this is an unlovely muddle, or if you think that passion is incompatible with civilized dress, read Mr. Garnett's book and change your mind.

Molinoff, by Maurice Bedel. Translated by Lawrence S. Morris. New York: The Viking press. $2.50.

MOLINOFF" is a distinct disappointment after "Jerome, or The Latitude of Love." It is extremely readable, however, very well translated, and delicately seasoned in the French manner. Molinoff, an impoverished Russian nobleman, a refugee in France, becomes the cook of a rich Bolivian couple who have taken a chateau in the country. Owing to what can only be described as a favorable concatenation of circumstances, Molinoff is enabled for a brief period to reassume the costume and social position of a nobleman. His glorious day is brief, his unmasking sudden, and his disappearance complete. M. Bedel has allowed his hero to become so attractive, however, that we watch his departure with more regret than we like to feel. There was just enough pepper in his last book, and a little too much sugar in this.

Class Reunion, by Franz Werfel. Translated by Whittaker Chambers. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.

AN examining magistrate, Dr. Sebastian, about to attend a class reunion, is confronted with an accused murderer whom he thinks he recognizes as an old class-mate. Neither shows any signs of recognition. At the reunion dinner (which is apparently as painful an event in Germany as anywhere else) and afterwards, he is haunted by his memories, and returns to his office to write them down. This old class-mate, Adler, and he, had been rivals for supremacy; Sebastian had been a fake, but the other, though a poor and unattractive boy, had unmistakable genius. Luck and cleverness were on Sebastian's side: he managed first to discredit Adler, then to lead him into disgrace, and finally to ruin his life by persuading him to give up everything and run away. The book is a fine example of the German spirit: it has a melody that persuades us, and it is full of overtones.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Contributors

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LOUISE BOGAN is a poet whose latest volume of verse will appear in the fall.

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